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THE CATHOLIC PRIEST IN AMERICA.

IN THE SEMINARY.

“THAT gentleman is a Catholic Priest.” What a diversity of feeling and opinion do these few words awaken! Hearing them, the ignorant and bigoted Protestant is tempted to look sharply for the horns and the tail with which the beast in the Apocalypse is represented, and he is evidently disappointed on discovering that the Catholic priest is a man like other men, only somewhat graver, with a quiet dignity about him, and wearing a dress not exactly *a la mode*. To the good Catholic the words are expressive of all that is good and gracious and noble in his creed. To the bad or indifferent one, the priest is an object that suggests uncomfortable reflections and a desire to get out of his way. To an infidel, he is the only convincing proof of the divinity of the religion whose minister he is,* for the unbeliever beholds in him a man over whose life Christianity holds such sway that he is ready to show even

to death, his faith in the profession he makes and the principles he inculcates.

The Catholic world stands in reverence before him as one sent from God, holding in consecrate hands the bread of life, and dispensing to men the blessings of redemption; one, on whose soul the indelible signet of the priesthood is impressed by the Holy Ghost; one who stands as mediator between man and his Maker. The non-Catholic world looks upon him either as a mountebank practicing on the credulity of the superstitious, or as a “clerical gentleman,” the mate of Baptist, Methodist, Shaker, and colored preachers. Hence the priest is generally the most loved and the most hated, the most blessed and the most reviled, the most trusted and the most suspected of men.

His history possesses a fascinating and unique interest. We find him in all parts of the world, at all times, and under every variety of

* Diderot.

circumstance, state, condition, and fortune. In the dawn of Christianity he is found among all Pagan peoples, preaching Christ and sealing his preaching with his blood. He is among the first to visit a newly discovered land, into which he penetrates, leaving far behind those whom his strong faith does not inspire. The bleak wilderness has no terrors for him. Savage beasts and yet more savage men do not deter him. His footsteps have raised the echoes of forests into which no white man durst enter before him; traces of his presence are found in lands which it was death for him to visit. His bones have bleached beneath every sky. His voice has been heard in all quarters of the world. His touch has sanctified every country on the face of the broad earth. It may be that lands yet unknown to the civilized world have long ago received his benediction. Livingston may now be following in the track of the Catholic priest.

Not only his general but his individual history is of surpassing interest. The priesthood has numbered men of every walk and condition of life. Prince and peasant, lord and vassal, soldier and citizen, master and servant, are found side by side in its ranks. It is the purest form of democracy. A swineherd may be elected to the Chair of St. Peter. Lineage and wealth count for nought. Piety and learning, zeal and prudence, are the kind of qualification required for office in the Church. Indeed from her history it appears that our Lord has selected the poor, and, to earthly seeming, the ignoble, to be the great guides, rulers,

and workers in his earthly kingdom. The Fishermen are the type of their successors.

We purpose in this essay to study some of the characteristics of the Catholic priest in America, as being the one with whom all are familiar, and also one who unites in his character and mission the qualities and excellencies that distinguish the true priest. Indeed, the priest in the United States is in some respects the highest type of his order. In a country which has not ceased to be missionary and in which infidel and Protestant influences are peculiarly inimical to Catholicity, he, under God, has not only saved his own people from the danger, but also drawn untold multitudes out of the midst of the danger into the house of God. To appreciate this triumph we must take into account the character of the American people, and the danger that results to Catholics from the non-religious nature of our institutions, thought, press, and schools. Everything here tends to that license of opinion and unshackled liberty of action and expression which made once Catholic Germany infidel, in a quarter of a century, yet what people are more intensely Catholic than the Catholics in America? As soon as France became a republic, it became infidel. No class love our free institutions more dearly than our Catholic people, or are more anxious to defend and uphold them. Catholicity in other lands needs the stimulus of persecution to make it really loved and cherished. Here we enjoy liberty of conscience and of worship, and think nothing dearer than our Church. Liber-

alism is ruining Italy and Spain. If any soil is congenial to liberalism it is certainly the United States, yet how few liberals, in the uncatholic sense, do we find among our people.

Now it cannot be denied that the thorough-going Catholicity of our people is, under heaven, due to the clergy. It is they that keep together, guide, and legislate for the fold of Christ. That they have inspired their people with the most devoted loyalty to the Holy See, the centre and life of the whole Catholic system; that they have made the faith of the Church in America "spoken of throughout the world;" that they have extended and developed religion in a land which lacks the incentives to Catholicity, and that peculiar atmosphere of Catholic tradition and devotion which European lands possess, are facts that must win for the priest in America the foremost rank in the clergy of the Church.

We will more readily admit this claim for our clergy, after comparing the few opportunities which they enjoy to prepare themselves for the mission, with the ample facilities, extensive training, and systematic discipline which the priests of the old world have. In Europe, the seminarist goes through a course ranging from ten to fifteen years, in a richly endowed seminary, filled with all the appliances of learning, and presided over by the best professors that influence or money can attract. Here the needs of the mission call our students from their books just at the time when a European scholar has reached the first third of his course. It is not that we have not good

competent professors. We need not pass one seminary to find in it the ablest professor of dogmatic theology in the American Church, and the chairs of moral theology, scripture, Church history, and philosophy are, as a rule, occupied by men who, to a European training, add the tact and practicalness that missionary duties and experience impart. Yet whilst the American priest may not possess the extensive, varied and minute knowledge of theoretical theology which a long course alone conveys, we would, none the less, equal him to his brothers in Europe. What he may lack in theory he makes up in ability of applying principles, a quick ready judgment, prudent adjustment of difficulties, and a faculty of seeing and clearing away dangers—qualities that no length of course or mere study of authors can give. In the old country, crimes, like society, run in set grooves, and nearly all the cases that a priest encounters have been settled and solved for him. Here, however, the priest must, in most cases, fall back upon the great principles that underlie the ethical science. It is in vain to apply European modes of dealing with men, to the persons whom he must lead in the right way. Lines of action which could be safely followed in France or Italy would lead here to disastrous consequences. *Casus Conscientiæ* he finds to be purely speculative. He has no theology adapted to the peculiar phases which cases take in this country, for though Kenrick, as an epitome of St. Alphonsus, is simply perfect, it leaves unsettled, and in many instances, unnoticed, questions and

problems which a priest is called upon daily to solve. He is thus forced to think out his practice for himself, relying on plain principles, or the guidance of experienced elders. The fact, in consequence, is that whilst an American priest could govern a European congregation with comparative ease, we can conceive of no more helpless and badgered a man than a priest from Europe, without any preparatory training, put in charge of an American congregation.

It is certainly a blessing, for which we cannot feel too grateful, that God has blessed His Church in these parts with such men. Through them she is now the leading religious power in the land, making up, in the strength of her oneness and her holiness, what she may lack in numerical or territorial extent. They have led her safe through storms aroused by partisan hate and religious fanaticism, at times when she was least able to stand them, and whilst we rejoice in her prosperity we must not forget that its continuance depends on the implicit trust and unshaken loyalty which the faithful here have ever reposed in their priests. The woes of the Church and the State in Italy, France, and Spain can all be traced to the revolt of the people against their spiritual guides.

Our study of the character of the priest in America must begin with his seminary life, for it is in this institution that it is mainly moulded and formed. He is, generally, a boy of naturally good parts and disposition, who numbers among his earliest impressions and recollections his wish to become a priest.

This bent of mind usually evidences itself from his earliest years, in playing mass and church. Odd as it sounds, one of the profoundest writers on asceticism assures us that this kind of play, engaged in reverently and thoughtfully, is a safe indication of a child's vocation to the Sanctuary; and he instances several great saints who, in their childhood, were wont so to amuse themselves. The time, however, comes when he is to be initiated into the mysteries of Latin Grammar. Our readers know that one of the qualifications of a candidate to the seminary is a fair idea of the leading rules of the Latin language. To obtain this knowledge he "takes lessons" of his pastor or the kind assistant, or at school. After a time he obtains such proficiency that he no longer searches for *tulit* among the t's, nor engages in a fatiguing chase for *bonorum* through the lexicon. He becomes master of *Cæsar*, or an elementary book like *Historia Sacra*, or *Viri Romæ*, and feels satisfied that, strong in his knowledge of declensions and conjugations, he may bid defiance to any board of examiners. These valorous sentiments receive a shock, however, on the day when he is informed, by note or word, that the examination for the seminary will be held the following week. Visions of stern doctors bristling with utterly unanswerable questions, insoluble problems, and enigmatical queries haunt him in the interval. "Just review what you have gone over, and don't be alarmed," is the very alarming advice given him by his preceptor. Never before was *Cæsar* so closely scanned. Never before did all that Orgetorix, Dum-

norix, and Ariovistus say and do receive closer attention.

On the morning of the examination, after a fervent prayer and a very slight breakfast, the young candidate hastens to the place of examination, declining difficult nouns and conjugating irregular verbs. He finds in the hall a number of young gentlemen, in more or less uncomfortable positions, all trying to look easy and unconcerned, and failing signally. One next him appears to be familiar with the place, and casually remarks that this is his fifth application.

"It's only my first," says our candidate, rather startled.

"Oh, then," returns the other, easily, "you may as well go home. They take nobody on his first application. They want to try his vocation."

By this time the examination has begun up-stairs, and an applicant for admission to the theological department has interviewed the examiners. He is surrounded by the crowd of expectants below. "Rather rough," is the ominous report he gives. "In fact," he continues, growing more communicative, "there is one examiner that seems determined to 'pluck.'" The meaning of this mysterious word is explained for the benefit of the new comers, on whom it seems to have a dampening effect.

"How much have you read?" queries another candidate, of our boy.

"The first book of Cæsar," is the modest reply.

"Ah!" rejoins the other, and a shade of pity crosses his brow; "you had better get away from here, then. I have perused Ter-

ence, Ennius, Juvenal, Horace, Cicero, &c., &c., yet they plucked me last year. These and other authors I translate freely."

"Perhaps *too* freely," says our candidate, disliking to be an object of compassion.

"I never spoil an author's thought by servile adhesion to literality," replied the other, severely—a remark that quite dumbfounded his listener.

After all, he does not find the examination so terrible as he had imagined, and he leaves the hall quite hopeful. He is, of course, enraptured on receiving his billet of admission to the seminary, and prepares to leave home, trying very hard (with indifferent success) "not to make a baby of himself." In time he finds himself in the seminary, in the company of a number of other new comers, all as awkward and as un-at-home as they can possibly be. He is impressed with the easy manner of the "old fellows" of the house, and laughs heartily at their jokes and tricks, and feels flattered and grateful when one of these "old fellows" (who may be younger than himself) asks him kindly how he is, and what's his name, and where he is from. Still withal, he is quite forlorn, and has another struggle "not to make a baby of himself," when he thinks of the love and care and unutterable comfort, wherewith home would encircle him. At eight o'clock in the evening the spiritual retreat begins, and he is informed that strict silence must be kept until after the retreat—a rule which he is sure he will not break, for he knows nobody to talk with.

Retreat time does not tire his

young fervent spirit, and he manfully keeps his mind from wandering homeward, and fixes it on the points of meditation. He joins with great glee, though, in the "*Deo gratias*" that follows the "*Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis,*" the signal for talk at table on the morning the retreat closes. Since he came, he has breakfasted on bread and coffee, which he thought was a fast in conjunction with the retreat, but he is not saddened when told that this "fast" will last the year round.

But who may hope to reproduce on paper the shifting scenes and incidents of seminary life? It is the part of his career to which the priest recurs, as to an unfailing wellspring of delight. He feels again the palpitation with which he timidly knocked at the rector's door, in quest of recreation, after conning carefully the thousand and one reasons "why we should have the day," notwithstanding the fact that yesterday was given for precisely similar reasons. He feels quite a great man when a cheer salutes him for his success in the "rally," and he increases his popularity and the grandeur of the exploit by dwelling on the circumstance that the rector was determined not to give the day, and that nothing but the most persuasive eloquence and irrefragable arguments could have changed his determination.

He also recalls the memorable day, when, ensconced in a secluded nook, in company with a few cronies, he was enjoying a "comfortable whiff" wholly unconscious of the dread fact that the prefect was coolly viewing the tableau. He

made an awkward and futile attempt to hide, in his coat pocket, the unfortunate pipe which *would* persist in sending a graceful curl of smoke out through vest and button holes. He remembers the innocent look on the faces of the cronies as they loudly protest that they *are* not smoking, and he joins in the chorus; but the awful indefiniteness of the prefect's reply, "We'll see about this," convinces them that "there's no use trying to fool," and they resolve to wait on Mr. Prefect and propitiate his wrath by apologies, which he receives with that dignity and solemnity which none but a prefect can appreciate.

He may further remember the hopelessness with which he began studying the Greek alphabet. The sameness of the letters was so perplexing! He thinks of his first despairing attempt to master the innumerable moods and tenses of the Greek verb. As for the accents—well, they were simply absurd, as absurd, indeed, as the dual number. He feels again the delightful sensation that would come upon him when the professor would request him to analyze a Greek sentence. With the French, he could make out better, and had little trouble in asking, in French, if the baker had bought the tailor's silver thimble, or if the doctor's mother's grandson had the table of the shoemaker's little brother. He thinks of the lively times they had in class, when the professor would insist on a literal translation, and, when taking him at his word, they would give him such English as "the sons of the France pushed cries of joy," or "Telemachus carried himself very well." He re-

members the times when he composed his essays for rhetoric class. He would make it a point to get the longest and most sonorous words. He was also very poetic and imaginative in those days, and, regardless of rules regulating metaphors and similes, he would make somebody "soar to the pinnacle of fame with outspread sails of vanity and pride, defying the storms and tempests that wrecked and cleft him to the core, and left him a withered and blasted trunk in the midst of the ocean of life!"

As examination day nears he feels an undefined dread. True he has studied hard and successfully, and he is confident of answering any ordinary question, still the student associates with his first examination in the seminary all that his imagination can depict of the severe and of the difficult. He is surprised at the unconcern with which many of the old fellows regard the oncoming battle. He asks one of them how is it conducted?

"Strictly enough," is the not encouraging reply. "They muster us all in the study-room to face about a dozen reverend gentlemen, each with full liberty to ask as many and as hard questions as he pleases. The Bishop generally presides, and he is very particular in his attentions. If you don't catch the ball on the fly, there is a subdued, general groan, after which you may as well sit down."

"How long is a man up?"

"That depends a great deal on his answers. If he flounders about they generally keep at him for fifteen minutes, at times, half an hour, to the great comfort of the rest of the class, for, you see, not

more than an hour or so is devoted to one class. This is not a rule, however. I remember one examination that lasted three hours for Latin alone, and they trotted out every one of us."

"What is the general character of the questions?"

"Bless me! there is no *general* character. I was once asked who was the maternal grandmother of Aeneas, and I was so confused that I answered that he had none as far as I could judge—which was right, for his mother, Venus, sprang from the sea, you know. My plan now is to keep cool and to answer a very 'tough' question so rapidly that they don't know what I'm saying, and they are too polite to ask me to repeat oftener than twice. The rapidity with which I can 'go through' a verb about whose 'parts' my ideas are rather undefined would astonish you."

Examination day invariably dawns clear and beautiful, cutting off the slim hope which a bleak, rainy day might inspire, that few or no examiners would come. The student views with alarm the formidable array of tables, chairs, blackboards, and the other dread panoply of the occasion, nor can the beaming smiles and kind salutations of the Bishop and his corps of examiners cheer his drooping spirits. The bell rings, the first class enters, the door is closed, and the second and the third class linger in the outer halls doing "rough passages" in their authors, studying out interminable algebraic problems, conjugating irregular French and English verbs, and in various other ways working themselves into a high fever. In the midst of all

this, the door again opens and the first class reappear with a look of such inexpressible relief, that it completely demoralizes the "youngsters." These scramble into the seats, and the head boy being called succeeds admirably. So does the second, and so do all down to the tenth exclusive, for tenth "puts his foot in it," and would have been lost did not the professor come to his aid with a few suggestive questions that enable him to close in a "blaze of glory," though he afterward tells the boys that he was so nervous as not to know whether he stood on his feet or head.

When the day comes for the little seminarian to enter philosophy, it is hailed with joy, not unmixed with regret on bidding "the old place" good bye. The thought, however, that he is now about to study the science of sciences awakens a feeling of dignity and importance, considerably augmented by a high hat. The doctor in philosophy discourses so eloquently upon the necessity, utility, and beauty of the study, that he inspires the young philosopher with a resolution to put forth his best powers in its acquisition. To carry out this laudable resolution, he takes from the library a half dozen philosophies as books of reference, and begins reading Balmes. After reading Balmes on Certitude the beauty of philosophy threatens to vanish, however clear its necessity and utility appear. But as his professor assures the class that the *prolegomena* of philosophy are rather dull, and that the real interest will not begin before Cosmology or Psychology, he continues Balmes and endeavors to anticipate

the interest by studying Rothenflue on the *to ego* and the *to esse*, with only partial success. His textbook, dog-eared and thumbbed, bears testimony to the studious habits of the gentleman that had it before him. Its margin is covered with illegible scrawls, manifestly the results of desperate attempts to take notes from the lectures of the doctor, who talks Latin with bewildering rapidity. An almost microscopic scrutiny of one of these marginal notes reveals the mysterious words, "Idea est * * * rei * et *." It is clear that the present holder of the book will derive no substantial benefit from the philosophical investigations of his predecessor.

His first attempt at speaking Latin consecutively is generally a failure. Genders and numbers, persons and cases become involved in inextricable confusion, and no one but a doctor of philosophy can see the idea buried beneath the *debris* of nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and verbs. Sometimes the parts of Latin speech become so unmanageable on his hands, that he breaks out in English, only to be driven back by the "*Dic Latine*" of the inexorable professor. Another wrestle with the moods and tenses hereupon ensues and continues until the puzzled doctor bids him "tell us that in English." Practice, however, soon gives comparative fluency in the use of Latin, and the student afterward feels grateful to his master for insisting upon the speaking of a language which every cleric should thoroughly master, both because it is the finest instrument of philosophic and theological thought and

because it is the language of the Church.

In time our student is appointed to defend or object to a thesis. This is conducted on the principles of the scholastic method, and when well carried out is the most beautiful and most exciting of literary tournaments. The defender, for the nonce, sits in the doctor's chair, lays down the proposition, states the question, and proves it by arguments syllogistically formed. The one appointed to argue against him takes up the contradictory of the thesis, and proceeds syllogistically to establish his point. The reply and rejoinder, distinction, denial, concession, transeat, and so forth, go on until the objector retires vanquished. The staple of most objections is found in the text-books, but occasionally an ambitious arguer will propose an "original objection" which is generally so subtle and deep as to pose the defender, who can refute it only by making the objector explain his meaning fully.

The young philosopher makes up his mind on all the great questions that divide the schools. He takes particular delight in battering down a false system, and if he has occasion to refer to its founder he does so in the strongest kind of Latin superlatives. He studies metaphysics so closely that he begins to doubt of the reality of external objects which he is fond of calling "phenomenal." He also frequently uses such words as "subjective," "transcendental," "the ideal," "the me," &c. He pores over the origin of ideas so long that he leaves himself without an idea on the subject, and finishes his philosophical course

with the conviction that the only thing certain about philosophy is the certitude of the primitive truths. He thinks that the *primum philosophicum* is the dictum of the old Greek, "One thing I know, namely, that I know nothing."

The *Concursus* finds him deep in his studies. From a conference with a theologian he learns that the *concursus* is the written annual examination held daily for a week or two, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 1 P.M.; that the class take their places at their desks, on which nothing is placed except paper, pen, and ink, and there they are left to answer a number of questions given them. These questions are so deftly arranged that they cover the whole field of study gone over in the past session. Two theologians mount guard, one in the room, the other in the corridor without. At the appointed time the doctor enters, reads the questions, and suggests that, as the subjects given are rather difficult, it would be well to reflect upon them calmly and connectedly before beginning to write.

Acting on this suggestion, with the thermometer at 87, and a low distracting buzz in the room, our student begins to reflect (not very calmly or connectedly) on the different kinds of evidence, on the dependence or not of intrinsic possibility on the will or power of God, on whether the elements of matter are simple or compound, or geometrically extended, and on the efficiency of secondary causes. After four hours of thought (ther. 90), the conclusions vaguely running through his mind are that evidence is either pre-established harmony, or else composed of forces,

and that Boscovitch and La Menais are both wrong as is *per se* evident; that secondary causes do depend on the power and will of God, no matter what Des Cartes may say to the contrary, and that the elements of matter are either intrinsic or extrinsic, and possibility is either simple or compound, or both.

He prepares to commit to paper the result of his meditation, and to his surprise finds that most of his companions have finished their exercises. A gentleman by his side (who never showed himself a Solon) is calmly folding up eight or ten huge foolscap pages closely written. Finding that he has only an hour in which to pen down his scattered thoughts, he begins to write with a rapidity entirely incompatible with legibility, punctuation, and, perhaps, strict observance of Latin syntax and orthography. He has barely time to finish two pages, when the bell for closing the examination sounds. As he was the last "in," the report has circulated that he is "working for the medal," but in the distribution of premiums he is numbered among the *Laudati*.

Admitted to theology, our young student begins that sublime study with all the fervor and earnestness of one who realizes its essential necessity for the priest. The new class begin the study at the point which the older members of the class have reached, be that point the introductory or the closing chapters. Hence, if they are half way in the treatise on Penance, the tyro finds himself at sea for a while, about probable, more probable, and most probable opinions, *titulus coloratus, error communis*, &c. He

encounters axioms that defy all attempts at English translation, and he meets formulas and contractions as puzzling as those in calculus. Quite at a loss as to what it means, he nevertheless heroically translates every extract from St. Thomas, and struggles to reconcile the dozen conflicting opinions into which the author decoys him, and then leaves him to shift for himself. Close attention to the lucid sensible commentaries and explanations of the professor, generally lifts him over these difficulties, and in time he finds theology what it really is, the most fascinating of studies. He imagines cases with most remarkable situations and conjunctures, and takes great pleasure in solving them. He holds disputes on controverted points with fellow students, and ransacks the library for authorities. At the close of the first year's theology he is prepared to solve the most difficult case, as soon as heard. At the end of the third (if he has studied to any advantage), he will not answer until after deep thought and careful consultation.

By this time he has preached his first sermon. This is an era in his seminary life, and it is a wise, good thought and practice which seminarians generally have, of making their first discourse a eulogy of her who is the Patroness and model of all that "magnify the Lord," in word as well as deed. Though the Sunday, on the evening of which the discourse is to take place, is to the coming preacher the longest and dreariest of days, still the bell summoning him to the pulpit sounds like a death-knell. A nervous presentiment that he is "going

to break down," is by no means soothed by the sound of the professor's footsteps in the hall. Determined to "put a bold face on it," with rueful visage, he mounts the altar after a short prayer, and gives out the text in husky, trembling tones. The kind faces and deep attention of his auditors encourage him, and, emboldened, he makes a gesture. Gradually the nervousness which besets a preacher on his first attempt leaves him, and he closes his sermon well. Sometimes, however, there happens a strange psychologic phenomenon, traceable to excessive pains and care in committing a sermon to memory. The tongue outruns the mind, and the preacher really delivers a part of his sermon without adverting to the meaning of a single word. When he makes the effort to fix his attention on the words, they escape him, he stammers, pauses, and is sometimes obliged to retire.

At last our student is called to ordination. Though he has looked forward to priesthood through the long years, still he hears his call with fear and awe. The responsibility he is to assume, the change in his life and surroundings, the real character of Holy Orders, with its concomitants and consequences, rise before him. He is instructed in reading the office or breviary. A set of weather-beaten old books, bearing the imprint of Rome, 1772, is placed in his hands. Our readers know that the Church makes it obligatory on all clerics in sacred orders, to read daily a number of

psalms, prayers, hymns, extracts from the scripture, and homilies of the Fathers, distributed in a certain order and division, corresponding in the main, to the ancient Romano-Jewish division of daytime. Whilst the arrangement of these prayers is a masterpiece of ingenuity, it is complex, and without careful and patient study, the directions, or rubrics, for reading them, are of difficult understanding, and still more difficult application. As many as ten places are often to be referred to in the course of an office. With several of these, such as benedictions and absolutions, one reading the office for a short time grows familiar. But the learner must refer to them all, and, as he is anxious to keep a place once found, he naturally inserts one of his fingers as the most convenient marker. The result is that the ten fingers are soon engaged, and reading under such circumstances becomes exceedingly difficult.

But we find that we have exceeded our limit, and must leave our student on the eve of ordination, although we set out with the intention of accompanying him on the mission. We furthermore intended to speak at length on our seminary system and its excellencies, but our space has run out, and however much the magazinist may propose, it is the printer and publisher that dispose. In a future article, passing from the student to the priest, we will continue our study of a character as beautiful as it is interesting.

BALMES, THE PHILOSOPHER.

AMONGST the many distinguished men of the present century, Balmes, the learned author of "*The Principles of Fundamental Philosophy*," and other works, holds a high place; and his great talents have shed additional lustre on Catholic literature.

James Balmes was the son of humble parents, and was born at Vich, in Catalonia, in the north of Spain, on the 28th August, 1810. The writer of a memoir of Balmes (to which we are much indebted in the following sketch) states that his course was shaped from infancy by a pious and devoted mother, who gave him to God, giving him as a model and patron St. Thomas Aquinas. This good mother foresaw her son's future eminence, and she herself possessed a greatness of soul well adapted to inspire him with the sentiments which were to lead him to a high destiny. He had in early childhood a happy and peaceful home, where were blended piety, industry, and order. This austere and simple domestic influence is the best school for the young mind. The place of his nativity confirmed this influence. He dwelt in that part of Catalonia, among the mountains, where the ancient traditions, and customs, and religious habits still prevailed. He was destined for the priesthood, and early commenced his studies at the seminary at Vich, following them up at the university at Cervera.

In compliance with his bishop's instructions, Balmes devoted himself to study, perpetual study, ma-

tured by reflection and prayer. He lived in troublous times for Spain, when that kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and the nation stood divided between the claims of Don Carlos and those of the late Queen. Often, in pursuing his studies, or giving instructions—for he became the professor of mathematics at Vich—the din of war rang in his ears, or, as he tells us himself, "more than once it happened that the tocsin, or the general (warning roll of drums for the troops) interrupted our engagements; if we could pursue them we did so, if not, we quietly retreated as best we could." As a politician, he took part with Don Carlos, who, under the Salic law, was true heir to the throne; yet, in 1845, when that prince abdicated, the act was approved by Balmes, who hoped that all differences between the contestants would be settled by the marriage of the son of Don Carlos to the young Queen. The failure of this project proved to him a bitter disappointment. The Salic law was in fact a foreign graft upon the laws of Spain, which had in itself no vitality. For centuries females had succeeded there to the throne in due order, and the greatest of Spanish sovereigns (Isabella) had been a woman.

The revolution left Spain tranquil for a time, but shattered and almost disorganized. Balmes's conservative Political Essays had great weight with all parties, a rare fact in times of political excitement, but, in fact, he stood above party,

and his eminence was the more freely admitted, because unsullied by any efforts for personal advancement. While the nation was yet unsettled after recent disturbances, Balmes brought out his great work on "Protestantism compared with Catholicity, &c." This great work, neither first nor last in the order of our author's productions, is that which possesses undoubtedly the widest sphere of usefulness. He undertook it "to counteract the pernicious influence exerted among his countrymen by Guizot's lectures on European civilization, and to neutralize the facilities offered under the *régime* of Espartero for the success of a Protestant Propagandism in Spain." Those who have perused the work need no comments on its character; to those who have not, we may only say here that it is characterized by a profound love of truth, by earnestness, frankness, deep thought, and profound learning; the author lays down his propositions with the calmness of an impartial philosopher, sustains them zealously, and brings final proof by documents which are conclusive. He deals in argument always, in invective never; and there is nowhere a sentence that the most determined opponent, if candid himself, would charge with unfairness. The work is, in short, a triumphant vindication of the Catholic Church as the founder and promoter of modern civilization; and the false claims of Protestantism in this regard are shown in their proper light.

We can do little else here than enumerate the other works of Balmes, which were all given to the world in the short space of eight

years; that is, from 1840 to 1848. His first literary attempt was a prize essay on Clerical Celibacy. Next came "Observations on the Property of the Clergy, &c.;" then "Political Considerations on the Condition of Spain;" then a translation of the "Maxims of St. Francis de Sales for every Day in the Year;" and about the same time he prepared a Catechism for the instruction of children. The next production in order was "Protestantism compared with Catholicity." In 1842 he was one of the editors of a monthly magazine, "La Civilizacion," after which he established a review called "La Sociedad." He published this but a short time, when, on account of the prevailing troubles, he was driven into a temporary retreat, during which time he composed "El Criterio," an admirable course of logic, which is a book that a French critic says children may understand, and yet the most learned will derive profit from it. Balmes wrote "El Criterio" in a few days during the summer of 1843, at a retired house in the suburbs of Barcelona, while the city, in possession of a handful of revolutionists, was undergoing siege and bombardment; he wrote it without any other books with him than the Bible and a copy of the "Imitation of Christ," which was all he had been enabled to save from the conflict.

In 1844 he commenced a new journal, the "Pensamiento de la Nacion," a conservative journal opposed to the spirit of revolution, and advocating for national policy a matrimonial alliance between the Queen and the son of Don Carlos. In 1846, his desires in regard to

the marriage having been frustrated, he abandoned "*El Pensamiento*." He then collected his various political essays, and afterwards brought out his "*Elementary Course of Philosophy*." His last work was a brilliant pamphlet on Pius IX, in which he expressed his great gratification at the reforms or ameliorations attempted by this venerable Pontiff. His "*Fundamental Philosophy*" has been opened to the English reader by Mr. John A. Brownson, son of the distinguished reviewer.

Balmes during his literary career was obliged more than once to travel abroad on account of his health; he twice visited France, and noticing the troubled state of the public mind there, he foretold with almost prophetic accuracy national events which have since become historical. He saw there, much more strongly developed than in his own country, the vast differences pervading different conditions of life; and one of his primary thoughts was to unite different classes in harmony. He held the following language in regard to the illusion that commerce or arts would alone bring national peace and contentment: "Property becomes more and more divided,

industry multiplies its products, commerce ranges over every sea, so that society, approaching a pretended social perfection, is about to realize the desires of that material school which reduces men to machines, and which has not conceived that society may tend to any more lofty aim,—and yet, misery has increased in proportion to the increase of productions. All men, of common foresight, must see that things are moving in a wrong course, and that if a remedy is not speedily applied, the result will be fatal. The accumulation of riches, arising from the rapid advances of commerce and arts, tends to the establishment of a system, which would consume for a small number the toils, the sweats, and the lives of multitudes; but this tendency finds its counterpoise in the ideas of levelling which occupy so many minds, and which, expressed in different theories, attack more or less openly, property, the actual organization of labor, and the distribution of its fruits."

Balmes died on the 9th July, 1848, in his 38th year, leaving behind him a name which may without question, rank with the highest in the ecclesiastical literature of modern times.

HEAVEN.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth, on what can you confer,
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,
 The just, the glow of rational delight,
 As on this theme, which angels praise and share?
 Man's fates and favors are a theme in heaven.

THE MERCHANT OF ST. MALO.

THE great Feast of the Assumption on the 15th of August happening to fall on a Sunday, and the weather being superb, the usually dull and dirty town of St. Malo assumed an aspect of unusual joyance and brilliancy. The clear chiming of the cathedral and church bells, the animated strains of several military bands, the chanting of priests and acolytes at the head of numerous processions of young girls, dressed in white, garlanded with flowers, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands, passing slowly along, to make their First Communion, through buzzing crowds of admiring spectators, a large number of whom shone in the glory of regimentals, either of the Line or National Guard—produced a singularly gay and imposing effect; and one would have supposed that some sparkles of pleasurable emotion must have been excited in the saddest minds within reach of the exultant *carillon* of the streets. Not so, however. The fierce disquietude of M. Paul Fontanes, the prosperous and rising, if not as yet decidedly eminent merchant of the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, was exasperated thereby, not soothed, as he nervously tore open and glanced through a heap of correspondence brought him that morning by the American mail. “Curse the distracting din!” he savagely exclaimed, as a more than usually joyous burst of military music mingled with and seemed to sharpen the serpent-accents of a letter he had just opened. “It is impossible

to comprehend what one reads.” An exaggeration, at the very least, M. Paul Fontanes! Say the undulations of the music do assist in zigzagging the lines before you, their purport is plain enough even to your throbbing eyeballs—plain and frightful—as ruin! bankruptcy—*fraudulent* bankruptcy, which, according to a definition of the Code Napoleon, consists in recklessly trading beyond your means; and the punishment which may be awarded for that offence—oh, it is easy to see you hear that also distinctly enough through all the din and bustle of the streets—is—the galleys!

The history of M. Paul Fontanes up to this period of his life—he was in his thirty-second year—may be very briefly sketched. He was the only much-indulged son of a cautious painstaking father, to whose property and business he had a few years previously succeeded. The property consisted chiefly of about 80,000 francs, in cash and *rentes*, and the business was a profitable connection with the Mauritius, in consignments of colonial products, for sale in France. Fontanes *fil*s had not, unfortunately, been long his own master, when his sanguine temperament, and anxiety to become speedily rich, induced him not only to enlarge greatly his sphere of commercial action, but to change entirely its character, by shipping large quantities of French goods to the American markets, for speculative sale, at his own risk. He had been for

some time tolerably successful ; but fortune had of late proved adverse ; and in the letters now before him, he read the disastrous results of his last and boldest speculation in silks and brandies, upon which an immense loss had been sustained ; and he knew himself to be irretrievably insolvent, to the extent of at least 100,000 francs. "In about six weeks," he murmured, after a feverish glance at his private bill-book, and tearing open another letter, "the mass of my acceptances for those goods, which the remittances will scarcely more than half cover, fall due, and I shall—Ha ! what is this ?" The blood rushed swiftly back to M. Paul Fontanes's pallid features as he ran over, in a hurried trembling sort of confidential whisper to himself, the lines which had suddenly caught his attention : "With reference to your inquiries concerning M. Jerome Bougainville, of Louisiana, we have to inform you that that gentleman died suddenly on the 18th ult., at New Orleans, of fever, after having taken his passage for Europe per the Columbia packet-ship, bound for Hâvre-de-Grace. By the next mail, we shall be able to forward an attested copy of the deceased's will, by which the bulk of his property—over twenty-seven thousand pounds realized, and temporarily lodged by deceased in the St. Louis bank, where it of course still remains—is bequeathed to his niece, Eugénie Bougainville, eldest daughter of the Sieur Edouard Bougainville, formerly captain in the 17th Carabiniers, for whom you are interested, burdened only by a pension of two hundred a year to the said Edouard Bougainville,

with remainder to his daughters by a second marriage. We shall be glad to act for the aforesaid legatee ; and if furnished with properly attested powers, and official proof of identity, there will be no difficulty in the way of the immediate transmission of the money, through such channel as may be advised.

"Your obedient servants,

"SMITH & GREEN,

"New Orleans."

M. Fontanes read this letter over and over again, each time with increasing palpitation of tone, before he seemed to have thoroughly mastered its meaning. "Twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling!" he presently exclaimed ; "nearly seven hundred thousand francs!—can it be possible! And to Eugénie Bougainville, the daughter of a beggar or thereabout—indebted to me something about a thousand francs, which he can only pay by miserable dribblets of instalments, always in arrear! If the devil, now, would only help me to the possession of this— Well?"

Henri Jomard, a frank intelligent-looking young man, in holiday attire, after tapping gently at the door, had entered the room, probably mistaking the loud soliloquizing tones of M. Fontanes for permission to do so. He was that gentleman's principal clerk.

"Pardon, monsieur," said Henri Jomard in respectful deprecation of his employer's loud and angry "Well?"—"Pardon, monsieur, but Mademoiselle Bougainville——"

"How!—what!"

"Mademoiselle Bougainville," repeated Jomard, "having accompanied her youngest sister Marie

from Plaisance to receive her First Communion, is desirous to see you, though not precisely a day for the transaction of business, to make a payment on account of the debt due by Monsieur Bougainville. Shall I ask her to come in?"

An assenting gesture was immediately followed by Mademoiselle Bougainville's entrance. She presented herself with the graceful ease and *aplomb* which usually distinguishes a well-educated Frenchwoman, and said she had brought monsieur a hundred francs, in part liquidation of her father's debt. M. Fontanes took the small canvas *sac*, poured the silver upon the table, seemed to count it with his eye for a moment, and scrawled an acknowledgment. The shaking of his hand, which could scarcely hold the pen, showed that his recent agitation had increased rather than subsided.

"Monsieur has heard nothing, I fear," said Eugénie Bougainville as she placed the paper in her reticule, "in answer to the inquiries he has so kindly made relative to my uncle Monsieur Jerome Bougainville?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle," was the quick reply; "that is," added M. Fontanes, as if recollecting himself, and glancing towards a number of unopened letters—"that is, nothing in either of the letters from America I have yet opened. Should, however, there be any intelligence concerning him in those I have not read, it shall be immediately forwarded to Monsieur Bougainville."

Mademoiselle Bougainville sighed, courtesied her acknowledgments, and left the office, escorted by Henri Jomard. They had hardly

gained the street when the clerk was recalled.

"Tell Mademoiselle Bougainville," said M. Fontanes, "that if I have anything of importance to communicate, I shall do myself the pleasure of riding over to Plaisance this afternoon for that purpose. I suppose there would be no doubt of finding Monsieur Bougainville at home?"

"Assuredly not, monsieur. It is his youngest daughter Marie's *jour-de-fête*, and we shall of course have a dance; therefore"—

"We!" echoed M. Fontanes with quick interrogation.

"Yes—that is, Eugé—Mademoiselle Bougainville," stammered Henri Jomard. "Being an intimate friend of my sister, I naturally accompany her when she pays a visit to Plaisance; and thus"—

"I understand. You may go, and do not forget to deliver my message." M. Paul Fontanes rose and locked the door the instant it closed after his clerk, as if determined not to be again interrupted, and was soon profoundly meditating upon the probable and possible consequences of the day's American advices; the charming face and figure he had just seen helping, we may be sure, to color and direct his train of thought.

The result of his reflections was to take an unusually early dinner, dress himself with great care, mount his horse, and ride off in the direction of Plaisance—a small farmstead, seven miles distant from St. Malo, on the road to Avranches. When about halfway, he turned off to visit a M. Messeroy, an old and intimate acquaintance. He was fortunately not only at home, but

without company; and host and visitor gradually warming into eloquence over M. Messeroy's excellent wine, upon the current topics of the day, the splendor of the weather, and of the morning's religious ceremonies, the improved tone of the markets, and of commercial affairs generally, M. Fontanes took occasion, after a time, to remark in an off-hand careless sort of way, that his late American speculations had been attended with a success so much beyond his expectations, and they were sufficiently sanguine, that he had half a mind to try and make a bargain for Plaisance, if it was still in the market. Plaisance *was* in the market, as M. Paul Fontanes well knew; and after much disputing and haggling, M. Fontanes agreed to become its purchaser at the somewhat extravagant price of 45,000 francs, upon condition of possession within one month, and especially that it should be concealed from the world that he had entered into any negotiation for the farm till after its present tenant, M. Bougainville, had been ejected.

"Bougainville," said M. Fontanes, "is a good fellow enough, and, spite of his poverty and unluckiness, is much respected. I should not, therefore, like to have it said that I had sought to deprive him of a home."

"Rest satisfied on that point, my dear Fontanes," replied M. Messeroy. "Bougainville is so much behind with his rent, that I was determined he should turn out at St. Michel, or at any rate at Christmas. But why do you purchase a house? Ho! ho! Maître Paul; you are going to be married, are

you? I half guessed so from the first. Well, courage! It is a fate which overtakes the best and wisest of us; and here's the lady's health, whoever she may be."

"With all my heart! And do not forget that what is as serious as a wedding or funeral, is that, to-morrow by ten o'clock, I lodge five thousand francs in your hands as a pledge of the completion of the bargain upon my part, if you do not fail on yours."

"I'll take care of that, you may depend. *Au revoir*, then, if you will go: at ten to-morrow."

M. Fontanes regained the high-road, and trotted leisurely along towards M. Bougainville's. As he neared Plaisance, the bridle-path, winding round at a considerable elevation from the level of the house, gave to view the smooth greensward in its front, upon which still fell the rays of the fast westering sun in large patches of golden light, or broken into tremulous light and shadow by the tall fruit-trees that partially inclosed it. The sisters Bougainville, and a number of young friends, were dancing thereon to the music of Henri Jomard's flute; and several aged guests, amongst whom the *Sieur* Bougainville was conspicuous by his thin white hairs, erect military bearing, and the glittering cross upon his breast, were looking on, and, the male portion of them, smoking, in apparently measureless content.

"Quite an Arcadian scene!" mentally sneered M. Paul Fontanes. "Who would believe, now, that an abode of such rustic simplicity contains almost as grim a skeleton as mine does? Well, we must con-

trive that they destroy each other, and then Monsieur Bougainville and I may sleep sounder than either of us has of late."

The dance was arrested as M. Fontanes approached and respectfully saluted M. Bougainville, with whom he almost immediately withdrew into the house. They were absent about ten minutes only; and as, upon their reappearance, the countenance of the veteran wore its usual aspect of calm impassibility, dancing was resumed with increased spirit, and after a time was joined in by M. Fontanes, with Eugénie Bougainville for a partner. Respectful, subdued, yet ardent admiration—admiration surprised at itself, as it were, has seldom been more adroitly displayed than by that gentleman upon this occasion; and whether the consciousness thereof, betrayed by Eugénie's tell-tale blushes, was pleasurable or otherwise, it would have been difficult for a spectator to determine. Poor Henri Jomard—whose flute, momentarily becoming weaker and more uncertain, was at last superseded by a volunteer violin—sat apart from the gay dancers, partially concealed from observation by his anxious and sympathizing sister. Eugénie, however, must have noticed his agitation, for never had her voice and manner revealed so much of womanly tenderness as on parting with him at the close of that sad and ominous evening.

"Eugénie," said M. Bougainville, after all in the house but themselves had retired to rest, "I have ill news for thee. Thy uncle Jerome, whose address Monsieur Fontanes's agent had no difficulty, after all, in ascertaining, gruffly

told the messenger who delivered the letter that it would receive no answer."

"Hélas!" sighed Eugénie, "I feared so; and he was our last resource!"

"Our position is embarrassing," said the father, with an unsuccessful effort to assume a more cheerful tone. "The harvest has been a bad one; but things will not always turn out like that. Thy uncle has disappointed me, Eugénie," he added, after an interval of melancholy silence; "but what, after all, could be expected of a man who left France to avoid the conscription?"

"Nay, father, let us be just. Have I not heard you say that Uncle Jerome was betrayed in his affections by a faithless woman?"

"Tut, my girl!" rejoined M. Bougainville, with a levity of tone contradicted by the keen scrutiny of his look, which was, however, baffled by the growing darkness of the room. "Love-wounds are rose-brier scratches merely—a momentary smart, that neither hinders nor controls one's march through the rough wilderness of life. I have been pretty familiar with the flashes which herald real wounds and death, and they did not leap from maidens' eyes."

"I am glad to hear," softly murmured Eugénie, "that heart-griefs are so fugitive with men. Good-night, dear father."

"Good-night, Eugénie," said the veteran, embracing her with tenderness; "and be not too much cast down. The guardian angel is never forgetful of a gentle and pious child like thee."

Before noon on the following

day, the stock, farming implements, and furniture at Plaisance, were sequestrated by "justice" at the instance of Pierre Messeroy, *Ecuyer*, for arrears of rent; and M. Bougainville was at the same time served with notice to quit, according to one of the covenants of his *bail*, by which right to retain possession was forfeited by default of rent-payment. "Diable! but this is serious—terrible," murmured the old soldier; "and unless I can obtain a loan of—" M. Bougainville checked himself, and after a time added, addressing his dismayed and weeping family: "I shall set off at once for St. Malo. Courage, my children! It is upon the darkest hour of night that the new day breaks. Perhaps my old friend, Bertin the notary, may be able to assist us in this strait."

M. Bougainville did not return home till about ten o'clock in the evening. The family were in bed, with the exception of Eugénie, whose anxiety was deepened by the pale excitement of her father's countenance.

"Eugénie, my girl," he said, after a few unsuccessful whiffs at the pipe she presented him with; "come nearer to me; I would speak with thee."

"I am listening, father," said Eugénie, seating herself behind her father.

"Bertin cannot assist us, but—Eugénie, it is necessary, above all, that we should be frank and open with each other. Henri Jomard loves thee; there can be no doubt of that. He is a well-principled brave lad, of fair prospects too, and the son of a brave father, who fell by my side at Eylau.

There is no one with whom I would more readily trust thy happiness. But thou hast never, I think, shown any open decided preference for him?"

"Never—by words."

M. Bougainville winced, but went on to say: "That being so, I may tell thee that Monsieur Paul Fontanes— Ah! the name shocks thee—I will speak of him and his offers no more."

"Yes, yes, dear father," murmured Eugénie. "It was a sudden, a slight pain; that is all. Go on—speak!"

"As thou wilt. Monsieur Fontanes, then, solicits thee in marriage. If his proposal is accepted, he will pay all thy father's debts, purchase Plaisance of that tiger-hearted Messeroy, and settle it upon thee beyond his own control." Eugénie did not answer, and M. Bougainville added, after a few moments' silence: "The case stands thus. Eugénie, Monsieur Fontanes is rich, generous, young, well-looking, of irreproachable character, and it is plain loves thee deeply. I doubt not, therefore, that after a time, thou wouldst be a happy wife; but it is for thee to decide; and my blessing, beloved Eugénie, is on thy choice, whether for acceptance or refusal."

"For acceptance, then!" replied Eugénie in a low voice, the firmness of which surprised as much as it pleased M. Bougainville; "but with this change in the terms of the pur—of the contract—that Plaisance be settled not upon me, but upon you, François, and Marie."

M. Bougainville was charmed with this ready acquiescence; and when Eugénie made no objection

to M. Fontanes's request, that the marriage should be celebrated without delay, he almost persuaded himself that he had been mistaken with respect to the sentiments she entertained towards Henri Jomard. That pleasing illusion would have been dispelled had he known that Eugénie passed that night on her knees, weeping, at first with convulsive, but gradually calming grief, before the crucifix in her bedroom.

The civil marriage was arranged to take place on the following Thursday, the conditions of settlement to be signed at the office of the notary, Bertin, on the previous evening. These arrangements, at M. Fontanes's urgent request, Eugénie remaining entirely passive, were kept scrupulously secret; and so successfully, that even Henri Jomard had no suspicion of what was going on, till the Wednesday morning, when he chanced to overhear some disjointed sentences of a conversation between M. Fontanes and the notary's clerk, who had called at the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, which terminated by M. Fontanes saying, in a low voice: "Tell Monsieur Bertin I will send him the required particulars in writing before two o'clock." Astonished and indignant at what he apprehended the partially overheard colloquy to mean, he, as soon as possible, invented an excuse for going out, and hastened to impart the dire discovery to his sister Adèle, who, however, proved obstinately incredulous. His interpretation of the sentences he had imperfectly caught was, she persisted, that of an unreasoning jealousy. M. Fontanes had, her brother knew, a pecu-

niary transaction with M. Bougainville, and it was no doubt with reference to that the two were to meet at the notary's, as the conversation seemed to intimate. Somewhat calmed by this consolatory construction of the menacing words, Henri returned to his employment. There was no one in the clerks' office, and M. Fontanes was busy writing in his private room. Something presently occurred which rendered it necessary that Henri should speak with him; and as he did so, his eye fell upon a small pile of letters inclosed and directed, but not sealed, of which the topmost one was addressed to "M. Bertin, Notaire-public, Numéro 9, Rue Sablonière." Instantly the criminal thought, which only his excessive mental agitation could in the least excuse, suggested itself, that if he could obtain a moment's possession of that letter before it was sealed, the doubts which half distracted him would be one way or the other set at rest; and the possibility of effecting his object kept him for the next ten minutes in a state of feverish restlessness. The chance at length presented itself. The presence of M. Fontanes was required in a distant part of the warehouse; and his back was hardly turned, before Henri Jomard darted into the private *cabinet*, seized the top letter of the pile, and extricated the inclosure from the envelope. Confusion! A glance at the address showed him he had mistaken the letter, the envelope in his hand being addressed to "Messrs. Smith & Green, New Orleans." Had he but unfolded the inclosure, what a discovery awaited him! Unfortunately, he threw it

impatiently upon the table, and seized the next upon the pile, which was that he sought. Could he believe his eyes? "M. Fontanes, upon reflection, acquiesced in the change proposed by M. Bertin in the marriage contract, and would be at the notary's office punctually at five o'clock to meet M. and Mademoiselle Bougainville." Henri Jomard had hardly perused these lines, when the step of M. Fontanes was heard approaching. He hurriedly thrust the letters into their respective envelopes, replaced them on the letter-pile, and had barely regained the curtained concealment of the clerks' office when the merchant returned. In about ten minutes, M. Fontanes summoned a porter, gave him a number of letters, some for the post-office, others for delivery in St. Malo; and shortly afterwards, himself went out, saying, as he passed through the counting-house, that he should not return till the following morning.

Eugénie Bougainville, as she alighted at the notary's door, in company with her father and Françoise her half-sister, looked charmingly, though very pale, and trembling with agitation. M. Fontanes had preceded her; and his respectfully kind and unpretending manner seemed, after a time, to soothe and calm her spirits, and the sweet, grateful, if faint smile with which she acknowledged his unobtrusive courtesies, was an earnest that if the marriage should turn out unhappily, it would not be the fault of the wife, however reluctantly she accepted M. Fontanes as a husband. M. Bertin was apparently about to commence reading the marriage-contract, when an unseemly and

distressing interruption took place. Henri Jomard, spite of the strenuous opposition of a clerk, forced his way, in a state of wild excitement, into the office, and forthwith burst into a torrent of invective and entreaty, of bitter reproach and humblest solicitation, to which passion and despair lent fire and eloquence. Uselessly so! Eugénie was indeed terribly agitated by his frenzied violence, but did not for a moment swerve in resolution, and she was the first, though with white quivering lips, to request that the business which had brought them there might be proceeded with. M. Fontanes, who appeared both alarmed and angry, wished the audacious intruder to be expelled by force, but at a gesture from the notary, who had been silently observant of what was passing, he desisted, drew near the table, and seated himself beside Mademoiselle Bougainville; whilst Henri Jomard, throwing himself into a chair, wept aloud in the bitterness of unavailing grief and rage.

"Now, Monsieur Bertin," said M. Fontanes, who, spite of himself, cowered beneath the keen derisive look, it so seemed, with which the notary, as he slowly unrolled the contract, regarded him—"have the goodness to proceed as quickly as possible."

"I doubt, Monsieur Fontanes, whether I shall proceed at all. It seems to me that the nuptial-conditions, in a pecuniary sense, are grossly one-sided and partial——"

"Monsieur Bertin," interrupted M. Fontanes with dignity, and greatly relieved, "that is my affair, not yours. The balance of obligation is, in my own opinion, greatly

on my side," added the young merchant, with a respectful bow to Eugénie.

"That is precisely my opinion also," rejoined the imperturbable notary, "Mademoiselle Bougainville being at the present moment, a rich heiress in her own right."

A bomb-shell falling in the midst could not have produced a more startling effect than these words, which caused every one of the auditors, Henri Jomard included, to start to their feet in various attitudes of astonishment and consternation.

"This information," continued the notary, "reached me only about two hours since, and, strangely enough, Monsieur Fontanes, from you. A letter, certainly in your handwriting, and addressed to me on the cover, but the contents of which were intended for Messrs. Smith & Green of New Orleans—"

"Malediction!" screamed M. Fontanes. "Can it be possible—that I—that I——"

"That you misdirected the letters," suggested M. Bertin; "no doubt of it.—It appears, Mademoiselle Bougainville," he added, "that by your uncle's will, the contents of which the last American mail made known to your very disinter-

ested suitor, that you are the absolute mistress of about seven hundred thousand francs! If, under these circumstances, you wish me to proceed——"

"Henri—dear Henri!" gasped Eugénie, turning with outstretched arms towards her lately despairing lover. "Henri—believe——" But I have no words for the description of the scene which followed; the reader's imagination can alone realize its tumult of rapture, bewilderment, and despair.

Henri Jomard must, in his hurry and confusion, have changed the envelopes of the two letters: that addressed to Smith & Green being consequently delivered to the notary. I have only, in conclusion, to state, that Fontanes was arrested at Hâvre-de-Grace, on board of an American liner, and is now undergoing the punishment of a fraudulent bankrupt; that Eugénie is Madame Jomard, and a happy wife and mother; that the Sieur Bougainville still inhabits Plaisance with his two daughters, and to this day remains firmly of opinion, that the misdirection of the letter was due to the actual interposition of Eugénie's ever-watchful *ange gardien*!

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PRIEST.

You ask why I feel that the ages
Hide me not from the eye of God ;
Nor, alone, in some legend's dim pages
He toucheth this earthly sod ?

Grows the world up to manhood so swiftly
That it needs not the Maker's hand,
Guiding over its passes deftly
To where His martyrs stand ?

Nay, child, I will tell thee the reason,
Hearken thou well to my tale ;
Thou shalt judge then with me that 'tis treason,
The ages of faith to curtail.

'Twas in Winter's cold reign, and his mantle
Was spread on yon midnight street—
Effacing the last snowy sandal,
Some watchman had left on his beat.

When there came thro' my lattice, twice calling,
The voice of a child in distress,
And I opened ; the snow had ceased falling—
The trees hung with feathery tress.

On my doorstep the maiden was standing
That called me to vigils so bright :
Yea, as though it were Jesus commanding,
In *pauperis formâ*, that night.

I heard her sweet tones on the sighing
Of night winds and sadness—they said,
“ At the almshouse my father is dying,
Ere morning to rest with the dead ! ”

Twice thus she implored me to come ;
And she sped on before me to tell,
As I thought, that his imminent tomb,
Would be shorn of the terrors of hell.

When the last rites were given, and the calm,
 Blest aroma of pardon was shed,
 Spake the dying: "How came thus the balm
 Sacramental to this wretched bed?"

"Who bade thee, God's priest, to attend me,
 Thus wrestling in darkness alone;
 What power was on earth thus to send me
 Double bliss for my pitiless moan?"

"Thy daughter, my son, woke my dreaming,
 And pointed me hither the way;
 And sped on before me, as seeming
 Thy earnest of heavenly day."

"My daughter, good father, thou sayest?
 This many a year she hath lain,
 Where the weather-cast marble is greyest,
 By her mother—a stranger to pain!"

"Thou art dreaming, my son, for her speaking
 And form were apparent to me;
 On her face woe to rapture fast breaking,
 When I promised anointing to thee!"

"Nay, my father," the dying man pleaded,
 "This many a year she hath lain!
 'Twas a mightier voice that was heeded
 When thou camest to lessen my pain."

"Yet, in truth, I was *dreaming* of her,
 And the past in its contrast, too great;
 But, could *my* mortal moaning upstir
 From the soul's indefectible state?"

Plainly my footsteps were showing,
 First made o'er the fresh-fallen snow;
 But never, in coming or going,
 Could her treading one crushed crystal know.

This is, then, why I feel that the ages
 Hide me not from the hand of God;
 Nor, alone, in some legend's dim pages,
 He toucheth this earthly sod!

THE CHURCH THE MOTHER OF CIVILIZATION.

It has been the constant aim of a great number of writers to charge the Catholic Church with keeping her people in ignorance. Some have even gone so far as to intimate that it is her policy to do so. The Church is represented as being alarmed at the advancement of science, and as stifling it where she has the power of doing so, but in reality the Church has never been alarmed at the development of science. It was her happiness to be the foundress of universal education.

It was from the summit of Mount Olivet that the great Founder of Christianity pronounced that ever-memorable and ever-obeyed command, "*Ite, docete*, go and teach," and from that time the Apostles and their successors have ever been zealous in the propagation of the arts and sciences. For eighteen hundred years has the Church continued her noble work with all the zeal and earnestness of a kind and tender mother.

Ite, docete—noble mission, which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church has never failed to fulfil. It has been her aim in the past, as it will ever be in the future, that the child should cultivate the powers of his soul—that the man should grow in wisdom, and should develop his mental and intellectual faculties to the very highest degree. Ignorance, the Church teaches, engenders evil, whilst Christianity and its doctrines assist man in combating error.

Long before the existence of uni-

versities, long before lay instructors were known, the clergy had their institutions for popular education. Wherever the church steeple went up the *free* parochial school nestled beneath its shadow. Jesus Christ was Himself the Founder of Popular Education, for before His coming the masses had no rights in the way of education. Their existence was bound down to the earth; man died in the furrow over which he had spent his whole life—he was an instrument of toil and of production. His existence was little better than that of the beasts of the field. But why should we retrace the history of man's humiliation? If we do so, it is only to remind him of how much he owes to that Church whose salutary instructions he too often ungratefully abandons.

From the earliest ages Bishops were as anxious for the erection of schools as they were for the erection of churches. Every priest became a teacher. In Italy, Gaul, Germany, Spain, and Africa, everywhere, the ecclesiastic was the instructor of the lambs as well as of the sheep of his flock. The Councils of the Church recommended the establishing of public schools, "to the end that poor children, who can receive no assistance from their parents, may not be deprived of the advantages of reading and writing." (Ex Concilio Lateranensi, 1179.)

In 529 the Council of Vaison recommended the erection of free schools for the education of the poor. Digby in his "Ages of

Faith," in referring to Bishop Meinwercus, represents the school of Paderborn as "flourishing in both divine and human learning."

The Synod of Orleans, held in the year 800, enacted that the parochial clergy should erect schools in towns and villages in order to teach little children the rudiments of learning: "Let them receive," says this Council, "and teach these little children with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine as stars forever. Let them *receive no remuneration* from their schools, unless what the parents through charity may voluntarily offer." (Canon XX.)

The Council of Mayence, in 813, made it obligatory on parents to send their children to the schools established "either in the monasteries, or in the houses of the parochial clergy." (Canon X.)

Pope Eugenius II., at the Council held at Rome in 826, decreed that schools should be established throughout the world near cathedrals and parochial churches, or wherever suitable.

Charlemagne, Lothaire I., his successor, and, half a century later, Alfred the Great, of England, all enacted laws providing for the erection and maintenance of free schools, "in order that an opportunity might be given to all, and that there might be no excuse drawn from poverty, and the difficulty of repairing to remote places."

If we seek for institutions of a higher order, what student of history has forgotten the far-famed schools and colleges of Rome, Alexandria, Milan, Carthage, and Nisibis? That of Alexandria is rendered doubly famous by the persecutions en-

dured by Christian youths, who in the third century thronged its classic halls to drink in those streams of learning which flowed from the lips of the immortal Origen. Carthage and Rome owed much of their glory in the fifth century to the splendor of the genius of the great St. Augustine.

From the middle of the fifth to the middle of the eighth century, Ireland became the cradle of learning, and her "monastery of Bencchor or Bangor contained no less than three thousand monks, besides scholars almost innumerable. Fired with enthusiasm, Irishmen visited almost every country in Europe, leaving behind them splendid institutions of learning and religion—for these two always went hand in hand. Irishmen established the monastery and school of Lindisfarne in England, of Robbio in Italy, of Verdun in France, and of Wartzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurth, Cologne, and Vienna in Germany—to say nothing of their literary labors in Paris, throughout England and elsewhere."*

Prior to the early part of the seventh century, the sciences were but little known outside of ecclesiastical bodies. These alone were intrusted with public instruction and learning; and letters found no asylums save in the schools attached to the cathedrals and monasteries of those times. In the ninth century, it was through the exertions of the Bishops that Charlemagne sought to give them a new impetus. He himself ob-

* See Archbishop Spalding's *Miscellanea*, p. 118. See also Moore's *History of Ireland*, Vol. I. See also *Annales de la Philosophie Chretienne*, Art. 7, sup. cit.

tained a knowledge of logic, rhetoric, and astronomy from the monk Alcuin. In the tenth century, princes and nobles were deficient in a knowledge of the very rudiments of education, often being unable to read or even to write their own names. The knowledge of *Belles-Lettres* was confined exclusively to monks and priests. A learned man was in those days called a *great cleric*, and science itself took the name of *clericism*.*

During subsequent ages, the Church saw growing up within her bosom those Fathers and those Doctors, whose learning and virtues have enshrouded them in a halo of glory. Still later, whilst in every town and city the parish priest was teaching the children of the poor how to read and write, the "father of modern liberalism" was writing to his friend Damilaville: "It appears to me essential that there should exist *ignorant knaves*. When the masses begin to reason, *everything* is lost."† In another letter he says: "It is becoming that the masses be led, and not that they be instructed; they are unworthy of it."‡

We must not forget that it was in the time of Voltaire that De la Salle, Canon of Rheims, was distributing his patrimony among the poor, and laying the foundation of that noble Order which has accomplished so much in educating the working classes of his own country. Pope Benedict XIII., in a celebrated Bull, approved the work of the noble De la Salle, and gave it his solemn benediction be-

fore the whole world. The Church, be it remembered, encouraged the education of the masses, whilst Voltaire, the ideal of "modern liberalism," advocated the "*necessity of the existence of an ignorant rabble*." What has been the result of this necessity? The answer is written in characters of blood by the Commune of Paris.

St. Francis Xavier, that great Apostle of the Indies, exclaimed, as he gazed upon the number of children before him, in far-off Japan: "We must teach these young people to read and write." So has it ever been. Wherever the Catholic missionary pitched his tent he established a school, and sought his reward not in gold and silver, but in the honor of having moulded youth into honest God-fearing men; into educated Christians, worthy of the age in which they live. At Peking, at Canton, at Siam, at Singapore, at Ceylon, in Canada, in Guiana, among the Rocky Mountains, from the shores of the St. Lawrence, along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico, in the parched deserts of Africa, in Australia, in all climates and under every sky, the Catholic missionary has established schools for white or black, bond or free, rich or poor. Thus we find that the dissemination of learning has ever been the great mission of that Church whose divine Founder commissioned her to "*Go and teach*."

And now having given a few examples of what Catholicity has done for the education of the masses, we may be permitted to ask what Protestantism has done in the way of facilitating the spread

* See Pasquier, *Hist. de France*, year 992.

† Corresp. of Voltaire, April 1, 1766.

‡ *Ib.*, March 19, 1766.

of learning. Ye who cry out against the Catholic Church as the promoter and preserver of ignorance, what have ye done? Where are your works? In the midst of your conventions you amuse yourselves in building magnificent plans for general and even compulsory education; you launch forth your strongest invectives against the *religious* who have devoted all their energies to the education of youth. Your philanthropy is a mercenary philanthropy, entailing neither trouble nor sacrifice. You have empty and impotent words to assist you in building up the beautiful structure of human intelligence. Humanity owes you nothing. You cannot even point to your public schools, for they existed long before your so-called Reformation was dreamed of. You have adopted them, it is true, but you have despoiled them of their brightest jewels, religion and morality. You have, it is true, imparted to your children a fine worldly education, but you have made them indifferentists, materialists, latitudinarians, and infidels. You have taught them how to *make money*, but you have failed to teach them how to *save their souls*. True education, be it remembered, does not consist in the mere action of the master in pouring high-sounding phrases into the mind of the pupil. It does not depend entirely upon the ability to distinguish a tangent from a curve; it does not consist in the mere sale and purchase of intellectual merchandise. Education lies in the development of all that is good in the human heart. The man who assumes the position of an instructor of youth, must be the

father of his pupils, for it is the intimate union of soul to soul and mind to mind which causes what is within to take root and fructify. Pupils are led by affection, and when that affection is based upon Christ it is great, strong, and pure as the light of the sun. It is in following this system of education that the *hearts* and *souls* of the instructed are moulded, and are borne along upon the warm breath of love for God and charity for man. Human intelligence, bathed at this fountain, preserves its freshness, becomes vigorous, labors successfully, and is borne upon the wings of charity to its true destination.

The Catholic Church is, indeed, the instructress of the world. Her sublime teachings, her saving truth, her constant devotion to her children, joined to the precepts of science, have worked wonders in advancing civilization.

Let, then, religion never be separated from her handmaid, education. Let her ever hold a prominent place in the family, in the school-room, and in society. Let us not be unmindful of the glorious names which she has given to fame. Religion and education are inseparable. Banish the crucifix from our schools, and life becomes a scene of horror, and the world a spectacle of debauchery and crime.

In conclusion, we must not lose sight of the fact that there is a God and an immortality full of His justice. This is one of the first truths which our children should learn. The Church, the depository of divine law, is commissioned to *teach* and to *bless*. She is the light which illumines our pathway

through life; she inculcates in our children the purest of principles; she teaches us to love that which is good and holy, and encourages us in the accomplishment of the most difficult enterprises. She imparts to youth amiability and innocence; she gathers them under her protecting wing, and watches over them with maternal solicitude. Her influence causes them to shun

vice and deception. She forms the character of man, and ennobles his sentiments. She adorns everything he touches, and harmonizes every faculty of his nature. She prepares new generations for the practice of virtue, and finally, in forming perfect Christians, she makes good citizens, and thus secures the peace, prosperity, and happiness of nations.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

At first sight, one is quite disappointed with a diamond-cutting mill. I had been feeding my fancy with the idea that a diamond-mill would be a very fine sight, and totally unlike any other manufactory. I had arrived at the conclusion, that it would exceed one of Beverley's transformation-scenes, and be a reality into the bargain. Judge, then, of my chagrin when I found Coster's famous mill at Amsterdam to be a gaunt plain building, and the cutting and polishing of the gems going on in a bare chamber, remarkable for nothing but a series of driving-belts and horizontal turning-lathes. The mantel-pieces were neither of jasper nor malachite, nor were the gates of bronzed metal, nor the door-lintels of lapis-lazuli. All the appurtenances of the factory were of the most work-a-day kind. The men were industriously grinding away at their stones with a decidedly matter of course aspect; they seemed to have no feeling of ultra-responsibility about them; no idea that their occupation was an extraordinary one, or that they were intrusted with material of surpassing

value. The group of ten diamond cutters to whom I gave my attention, were working as unconcernedly among their precious stones as if they had been the ten men who are said to be required in making a pin. At Coster's, diamonds appear of no value, except as bringing in a certain sum of money for the work put upon them. The workmen—who seem to be a very superior class of men, and who, I was told, earn large wages—never think of stealing a stone. Diamonds are handed about and looked at and handled in Coster's as if they were made of commoner stuff. I expected to have heard among the workmen no end of diamond-tattle; of Pitts, Orloffs, Regents, marvellous Nassacks, and pear-shaped Sancis; of the twelve Mazarines and other historic gems. But no; the only talk I could hear was of the forthcoming lottery, and the price of dried eels! None of the celebrated diamonds were so much as named: the Sea of Glory, the Mountain of Splendor, the Crown of the Moon—they were never mentioned.

The trade in diamond-polishing

has grown enormously in Amsterdam during the last fifty years. More than fifteen out of every sixteen diamonds are cut or polished in Holland. Indian-cut diamonds are not of much value in the markets, in consequence of the cutters disregarding some of the chief rules of the art; and, so far as I can ascertain, there are none of the "old English" cutters now at work in either London or Birmingham. Three centuries and a half ago, there was only one kind of diamond, the Indian cut or table gems, having only four flat surfaces; now we have "brilliants," which are by far the most beautiful of all diamonds, but are cut at a great cost of material. At one time, diamond-cutting in Holland was carried on by only a few individuals, by means of water or horse power, each man working on his own account: it was left for Monsieur Coster to organize this industry in a workshop, and to train workmen till they became highly skilled in the art. Monsieur Coster exhibits models of all the great diamonds that have been cut or recut in his mill, among others, the Star of the South and the Koh-i-noor, as well as a large number of smaller stones of considerable note. The Koh-i-noor was cut in London by Coster, as was also the celebrated Nassack gem, both diamonds costing a large sum of money—the price paid for recutting the last-named stone being a thousand pounds.

The process of diamond-cutting was kept secret for a very long time, but—"diamond cut diamond"—all the world now knows that this precious stone is cut by the help of

its own powder. Still, how it is cut is yet to many persons a problem. When they examine a cut stone, a brilliant, for example, they naturally ask how it has obtained these regular forms, these faces cut with such admirable precision. This will not, in future, be such a marvel, for the operations at the Exhibition at Paris have initiated the public into many of the details of this peculiar industry, as perfected by Monsieur Coster in the capital of Holland. The necessary operations are three. The initiatory one consists in cleaning the coarse stone of defective parts, and splitting off the flaws which most diamonds show in the rough state. It seems, according to the best lapidaries, that there are few diamonds without cavities or other flaws; indeed, the diamond, as a rule, is more foul than any other stone used in jewellery. The second operation is the cutting, which confers on the stone the form, and in a rough way, the number of faces which it ought to have. Lastly, there is the polishing, which gives to these faces their clearness and brilliancy. In all these operations, the diamond must be firmly set in a tool, and successively undergo the file and scissors. The splitter, when he finds a flaw, commences his work by inserting the diamond into a fusible cement, which hardens extremely as soon as it is cold, and supports the stone with the requisite solidity. This cement is lodged in a kind of cup, at the extremity of a solid handle, which the workman holds in his hands; he then takes in the other hand a second like instrument, furnished with a diamond recently cut, the edge of which projects sharply outside.

Supporting the two tools on the border of a box, placed before him on the table, he communicates to them a see-saw motion, and by rubbing on one of the stones the sharp edge of the other, he soon makes a slight cut, which suffices him to introduce a sharp-edged blade, which he strikes lightly, in order to separate the two pieces. Some stones, I was told by the workmen, could not be split in the usual way, in consequence of the risk of destroying them by the operation. These are sawn with a finely-tempered bow-saw, moistened with olive-oil, and sprinkled over with diamond dust. The splitter, or diamond-trimmer, is much assisted by the natural formation of the stone, which has its line of cleavage well defined. The cleaner, or cutter, has similar instruments to those of the splitter. After having inserted, in his pair of tools, two diamonds of bulk nearly equal, he uses the one for working a face on the other by rubbing with force. When he has thus finished a face on each of the stones, he softens the cement by slightly heating it on a gas-lamp, and then, turning the gem, he commences the next face, and so goes on. Like the splitter, he supports the stone on a little rectangular box, into which the powder falls, which is afterwards used in the polishing. This cutter only forms about one-half of the required facets on any given stone, leaving it to his successor, the polisher, to form the remainder. The cutter only rough-hews the gem; the polisher is the artist who gives it its final shape and lustre. This operation requires a certain muscular effort, and the cutter requires to protect

his hands by thick gloves of skin. The box over which the splitter works is provided with a double bottom, the first of which is pierced with holes like a sieve; the powder of the diamond resulting from the rubbing falls into the second compartment, and the larger fragments rest on the sieve, where they can easily be collected, in order to be cut in their turn. The fragments obtained in cutting large stones are sometimes of great value. The chips from one large diamond I have read about were valued at eight thousand pounds. The powder, or diamond-dust, is always burned before being used, in order to cleanse it from oil or any particles of the solder which is necessary to fix the stone. When a cutter or polisher examines his stone by placing it on his tongue, he first carefully dusts the gem with a camel-hair brush, in order to collect the fine powder which is of such value in cutting and polishing.

After coming out of the hands of the cleaner, the diamond has the form and perhaps a third of the number of faces which it ought to have, but its surface is so harsh and irregular, that it requires the polishing to give it finish and brightness. The wheel on which the polishing is accomplished is a turntable of iron, technically called "a schyff," solidly fixed in the middle of a table, and is so arranged as to be of extremely rapid rotation (from two to three thousand revolutions per minute). The metal turntable receives the diamond-powder, and reduces it to an impalpable state; it is constantly moistened with olive oil, which softens the friction, and prevents

the powder from being projected outside by the centrifugal force. The diamond which is to be polished is set no more in the fusible cement, but in an alloy of lead and tin, to which is given the form of a round cone, of which the stone occupies the summit. The whole is lodged in a spherical cup, which covers one-half, and which is terminated by a straight stem. This stem is seized between the claws of a pincer, and the face of the diamond to be polished is held down with weights of lead, for maintaining the apparatus in a proper position and augmenting the adherence and friction. The weights vary considerably, running from two to thirty pounds, according as the facet required is to be small or large. The operation either for large or small stones is much the same; the worker is generally able to conduct the polishing of several stones at the same time. The operation of polishing usually takes very long, and requires the exercise of extreme patience: the cutting of certain large diamonds continues for many months.

The art requires that the cutter should have extraordinary skill for working the stones, of which the smallest often do not reach to the size of a pin-head. Nothing equals in this respect the skilfulness of the workers of Holland, and one is quite confounded when one sees stones of such small dimensions cut into twenty-four faces perfectly equal and regular. Some of the stones operated upon at Coster's are so small that it takes hundreds of them to weigh a carat! This is not, however, the only difficulty the diamond-cutter has to surmount;

it is the cleaner who has to make choice of the form to be given to each particular stone. It is he who must decide, after a minute examination, how each particular diamond ought to be cut, whether a brilliant or a rose; he determines the choice by an endeavor to lose as little matter as possible. But this is not all. It is necessary that he should recognize at the first glance in what way it is convenient to attack the stone, which is not an easy matter, for if his measures have not been well taken, it may perhaps occur that twenty-three faces having been already cut, the twenty-fourth would require to be cut on an imperfect part of the stone; and so it is found impossible to continue. The cutters and polishers are often thrown out by finding unexpected flaws in the stones, as they proceed with their work. The color, too, often changes; so that sometimes it is quite impossible to tell how a diamond may turn out; and, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, one portion of the stone may sometimes prove to be a great deal harder than another part; and if, while cutting, the diamond be allowed to remain too long on the schyff before being taken off to cool, it might melt the lead in which it is set, and so, by changing its position, do very serious injury to the stone. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was necessary at times to increase the revolutions of the schyff to three thousand per minute, in consequence of the extraordinary hardness of some portions of that most valuable gem. It is not always easy to say how much of a stone must be sacrificed in the cutting. The Star of the

South, which was cut by Monsieur Coster, weighed in the rough state in which it was found 254½ carats; when finished, the weight was a little under a half of that weight. The Koh-i-noor lost eighty carats in the recutting; it now weighs less than the Star of the South by about twenty carats. Many of the bits split off the larger gems in the process of cutting and polishing, form admirable stones for rings, pins, &c. It is wonderful how small some of the diamonds are that go through Coster's mill, and still more wonderful that they can be cut at all, far less have a score of facets put upon them. Some of the men, I was told, occasionally fall in love with a fine stone, and linger over it in the cutting and polishing with positive devotion. The masters find it politic to inter-

rupt these men in their labor by a change of work. If a man falls in love with such a fine gem as the Star of the South, he is set to work at some dealer's stock brilliants, and allowed to go on with them for a time. The best workmen earn large wages, considerable gratuities being sometimes given by Monsieur Coster for the cutting of particular stones. The demand for precious stones of all kinds, and particularly diamonds, has greatly increased during late years, and, coupled with the growing scarcity of the gem—most of the present mines being comparatively unproductive—has of course tended to raise the price of these valuable adamantine bits of carbon, so that now they can be purchased only by very wealthy people.

THE LEGEND OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

A Catholic Poem, in Two Parts.

PART I.—PANDINA.

The Death of Orm—The Death of Seralpha—Presumption destructive of Morality—A Vision of perverted Manhood and Womanhood.

TIME was no more with me, whose
streams
Had ebb'd below our vale of dreams,
And left its conduits dry;
The thousand ducts of carnal life
Had ceased to urge their swelling strife,
And this men called "to die;"

As though some great celestial sun
Had drawn my heart-drops one by one
To fringe his evening realm;
Or, as a fleet, till sunset moored,
That casts its cables by the board,
Goes trusting to its helm:

As creatures on some teeming strand,
Made vital by the tepid land,
To hurry thence are fain,
I sought beyond earth's crowded shore
(Where shallow waves cry evermore)
A passionless domain.

Knowing, I loved far more than spurned
The dross wherein I once was urned—
The dust of sorrow's path;
Where oft Love's power had borne me
o'er,
Lifted me past its briers sore,
And folded me from wrath;

Saved from things foul where feet might
 stray,
Purged sight where vision might betray,
 And put the golden rein
Of Heavenly steeds unurged—untired—
Within my hands—once trodden, mired,
 An alien in her train.

Such day as men are wont to see
And need, that earth may fruitful be,
 Had faded from my sight;
A wedded moonray, dawn, eventide,
Well known to dreams, its place supplied
 With an uncertain light.

In whose weird influence on I passed,
Viewing old haunts, as 'twere, at last,
 As from a night-veiled sea;
Finding the spots so full of change,
That I would fain far further range,
 Till I at rest should be.

So, on the cold light-flooded fields
Of Arctic night, a traveller yields
 To spells all undefined;
Who, but for his unechoed tread,
Might count himself among the dead,
 Far out of sight and mind.

At midnight thus I slipped away
To confines of immortal day,
 Nor knew my soul's convoy;
While she who slumbered by my side
Secure in bliss—a sometime bride—
 Clasped the chill dust of joy.

No present Host illumed my grave;
No tender priest my unction gave;
 Grief's billows came not nigh:
No pleading bade sin's sullen night,
For love or hate, with fettered might
 Prolong my agony.

O what a waking then she knew,
When orient bars were shattered through,
 And, on the sea-tossed world,
Her bark must woo the winds of life,
But find them ever hushed from strife,
 With all its sails fast furled!

For nightly on some lonely deep,
Seamen more calmly sink to sleep;
 If in their wake appear:
The fleet with which they put to sea;
And all the voyage they pray to be,
 In calm and tempest near.

How would she when the morning broke
Those lips, that all too lately spoke
 To breathe one parting sigh!
How would she chide that torpid air
Refusing e'en soft beats to bear
 Of angel-pinions nigh!

O sadness! on life's sullen sea
To sail in tearless agony!
 But oh, the bliss at last,
When constant souls their haven find,
There too, secure from sorrow's wind,
 Some lost ship anchored fast!

Too lately mortal to forbear
Some tender chronicle of care,
 Or in my soul forget
Once kindred attributes of sense—
Of sight and sound—of passions, whence
 A burning sun had set.

I, Orm, no longer made to weep
And nurse regrets, and weakly steep
 My tenderness in tears;
Know that, if charity prepare,
I yet in holiness may dare
 To sing of fleeting years:

If, for the love of Christ, my God,
The conscious doors may stand abroad
 Toward either listening orb;
And words which living death avert
Find ready ears with grace begirt
 That may my song absorb.

When, 'neath a veil of dreams and sleep,
Men pass into the spirit-deep,
 That girds this fevered state;
There is one passing moment known
While sense, from her sublimest throne
 Holds wide the dreaded gate:

Upon its quivering nerves I hung,
Between two vital systems strung,
 To nature's utmost strain;
And in that pregnant instant cast
Whate'er, by one long look and last,
 A lingering soul could gain:

A lamp's dull beams—a clock's sad beat,
That did my slackening pulses mete,
 I knew;—and by the bed
A form, as of Heaven's Virgin-Queen,
In garb of softened glow, was seen,
 Who lilies scattered.

With her another, on the face
Of my fair consort breathing grace,
Stood in that tranced spot;
And whispers broke the strange repose
That to the second said, "O Rose
Of Lima, wake her not!"

Beneath such gaze I saw a calm
Suffusion of celestial balm
O'erspread the cherished clay:
But other presence straight I felt,
And grief forgot her power to melt,
And flesh gave up its sway.

That, in their stead, a sense might be
Superior to the immensity,
Of intervening waste
Between this purgatorial clime
(Unmerited by slaves of Time)
And that, its true foretaste.

Ere yet I could my flight pursue
As of a soul, from every view
Of earth's affairs shut out;
To me, and yet within me, spake
A voice that might no echoes break
Of mortal fear and doubt.

"O Orm," it said, "awhile to stand
With living death at thy right hand,
The saints have prayed for thee:
In this charmed circle shalt thou find
Other of thine immortal kind,
Bewailing misery.

"And thou shalt to the direst string
Of sorrow's harp thy dirges bring,
For prodigals of breath;
Who on time's swift and perilled streams
Beguile their hours with hellish dreams,
And tempt the maw of death.

"And when such varied horrors pall
Upon thy being, an angel call
Shall summon thee to see
The love and truth concealed on earth,
The children of immortal birth;
The uncared-for Harmony."

So spake the voice, while past me went
Men's souls to bliss or punishment;
And on my left hand flew
A warder of the angel-band,
Who led me over sea and land,
In vigils ever new.

Whose sequence neither motion seemed
Nor rest, save as of one that dreamed;
Till wailings floated by,
And presence, now of lurid light,
Now as from thund'rous flashes white,
Embodied, I descry.

Launched 'mid new scenes my soul de-
mands,
"Who thus in conscious horror stands,
Between the glare and gloom?"
"Tis he," the ghostly phantom said,
"Seralpha, deadlier more than dead—
Unworthy of the tomb."

"Behold, what spirit e'er thou art,
This refuse of a human heart,
Reserved for future wrath,
In all its foulness cast away,
Between earth's night and murky day,
To tread the nether path!"

By this we on a sudden came
To old Parnassus' Pythian flame,
From igneous Delphi sprung;
Where 'mid its fell sulphureous smoke,
The foaming sorceress erewhile spoke
In verse, with frenzy sung.

Till, halting at Dodona's grot,
We heard upon the enchanted spot
Its oak in murmur low—
Strange echo from the days of eld—
The clash of brazen ewers held,
And springs of silver flow.

"Tell me thy tale," I said, "and shape
Thy dirge, that so my own escape,
How narrow 'tis! from woe,
May give Heaven's mercy fitting praise,
Whene'er within its courts I raise
What once was sunk so low.

"Tell me, then, Orm, on what fell land
Doth mortal in this region stand
That spreadeth out below?
Methinks it is a foretaste foul
Of gates where primal demons howl,
And crownèd honors bow."

"Why stand we here?" to him replied
The angel warder by my side,
"O ye, from flesh new sped,
To Orm, the just, Heaven grants a view
Of doom for sins that mortals rue,
Among the living dead.

"And thou, Seralpha, art decreed
With him Heaven's last reproof to read,
In that too cherished state
Of former life; where, gentle Grace
Defieth floods urged on apace
As though by blindest Fate.

"O let the swift recording pen
Of Doomsday's angel falter, when
It writes my burning shame!"
So spake Seralpha—let it close
With mine, the sum of human woes,
A monumental name!

Bind, bind, fell Carnage, on my brow
Such laurels as in hell do grow,
For I have slain
Faith, Charity, and Hope, in one
That lived for me beneath the sun—
Earth's deepest stain.

O thrice bemoanèd midnight hour!
When, waked by life's dissolving power,
Too late I stood
At Terror's portal, to confess,
And, in repentance, to caress
The holy Rood!

"Wake, wake, thou new-espousèd bride!"
Conscious with fear and guilt, I cried;
"Awake to know,
This faithless heart proclaiming thine,
Thy very life and being, mine—
Their living foe!"

The calm of blessed night was there,
O'erspread on hill and valley fair;
With singing birds
Of darkened hours; and busy wing
Of owl and night-hawk, hurrying
O'er drowsy herds.

The perfume-breathing flowers peeped in
Upon my eyes of slumbering sin
Our trellis through;
The summer moon of silver gave
To death's cold, dark, fast heaping wave
A contrast true:

The death-watch sounded his alarm;
My blood at his transfixing charm
Ran slow and cold;
The sweat of horror bathed my form;
My spirit quailed before the storm
Upon me rolled.

Firsana woke—the tried, the true,
The trusting—woke to view
My dying plight:
O'er outward fright and inward pain
Triumphing, she besought Heaven's train
To check my flight.

But when in her sad stricken ear
I poured the muttering of fear,
And bade her know,
That whom she thus in love arrayed,
With faithlessness and lust was made
A fiend to grow,

Her grief rebounded—quivered, stopped,
Bruised—as an eagle that has dropped
Wounded in flight;
A ghastlier gaze than that of death
I met, and checked my ebbing breath
To ward its might.

But ready mercy loosed the spell,
And tears from their unfathomed well
Sprang up amain;
Which seeing, flesh, life, and soul, their
compact broke,
And to a future I awoke
Of endless pain.

Her heritage of grief I left
Unmitigated, and bereft
Of every ray,
That saith: "O mourner, look behind,
And in Death's orient thou shalt find
Promise of day!"

"Wherefore, Seralpha," I inquired,
"Was thus thy erring nature fired
To poison life's sweet cup?—
Knewest not how fully earth is brimmed
With woe, by them in whom is dimmed
Love's light-spring welling up?"

"For this," he said, "a Spirit spake
To me,—Let strong men break
The puny woven bands
Of priestcraft, kingcraft—forgèd chains;
The will, unfettered, free remains—
Chartered by Nature's hands!

"'Like seeketh like' is nature's plea;
That unrestricted sympathy,
Which pleasure sanctioneth,
Denies cement to forced restraint,
And bids the millions urge their plaint,
'Free bread—free licensed breath!'"

And next a Siren whispered me ;
 " Why shroud in awful mystery
 The soul-pervaded realm ?
 Free converse hold with Present—Past ;
 The day of privilege at last
 Yields thee her helm.

" Or, let me steer thy timorous prow
 Whither the true initiate bow :
 A new unfettered speech
 There thy full-nerved vitality
 Shall bid, with pregnant nature, try
 Worlds where its runes can reach.

" But why these demons solely blame ?
 The weakness mine that me o'ercame,
 Defying ready Grace ;
 They only who withstand the shock
 Of fell temptation join Heaven's flock
 Before its Shepherd's face."

Seralpha ceased ; the Angel cried,
 " New Pythias a new world deride
 With promises of lore,
 Strange influence, keener touch, and
 speech
 From spectres ! these her children reach,
 And, reaching, bid adore.

" Yet from that Spirit all are sprung
 Who o'er the rocks of Delphi hung
 A veil of secret power ;
 And at Dodona feigned to find
 Heaven's key for each perplexed mind,
 And Fate's eventful hour."

Then first upon Seralpha's soul
 The tide of torment 'gan to roll
 Such as none living feel,
 With gnawing of untold regret
 From broken idols, ever set
 In recollection's wheel.

With less than sure salvation helmed
 I had been in his terror whelmed,
 All fleshless though I be ;
 But, girt with heavenly force, I said,
 " What deem'st thou for the doubly dead
 A fitting penalty ?

" That they be held forever chained
 To such temptation as sustained
 Their soul's most cherished curse ;
 Be driven to loathe yet clasp in hate
 The bane of life's once fair estate :
 Hell yields no torment worse !

" But, to this being whence Hope is
 driven,
 In dying semblance there is given
 A thought, that 'mid its woes
 One may not be—to meet again
 The dreaded sources of its pain,
 Its once delectant throes."

Seralpha ceasing thus to urge
 His never dying sorrow's dirge ;
 As with a sorcerer's wand,
 Uriel the angel gave our sight
 A vision filled with angry light,
 And of some sunset strand

By ocean, when its boding air
 Bids feeble man, presaging, dare
 To-morrow's thundering main :
 But, disembodied, we passed on
 Unstricken ; till, all cold and wan,
 Gray twilight closed again.

While in its firmament appeared
 Strange shadows cast on clouds, and weird
 In shape ; to action, driven
 Like human forms repelling fire,
 And swayed by an unwonted ire
 When no redress is given.

If in successive sight alone,
 Or by unmeasured space o'erflown
 We found the verge of hell,
 And knew its borders thus to be
 So full of muttered mystery,
 My spirit scarce can tell.

But first we entered into night
 Dark and unmitigated ; bright
 Only when lightning gleamed
 Through clouds, and all its sabres broke
 On torments' ebon main of smoke—
 No billow silver-seamed.

Millions were seen at each swift light ;
 Some hurrying on, some held with might,
 All pressing with their hands
 Ears riven by thunder fiercer far
 Than earth's short elemental war,
 And deadened by no bands.

And next the semblance of a morn
 Enrobed adjoining realms ; upborne
 Upon its glowing fringe
 A hemisphere of threatening cloud,
 'Neath which the gates of dawning,
 bowed,
 Kept back their wonted hinge.

The beings that therein appeared
Each higher than each their forms up-
reared ;

Fierce for the breath of day :
Finding it not beneath such shade
As through outstanding chaos made
Creation's secret way.

We traversed thence a glowing plain
As of Sahara's sandy main
Beneath the midday glare ;
Where false mirages promise men
Deep wells in every sterile den,
And fountains in the air.

Ten times ten thousand creatures roved,
In aimless mazes fiercely moved,
By gasping frenzy driven :
The father's, and the son's, in hate,—
The mother's and the daughter's state
To fell reproach were given.

Soon sped we through the fourth domain
Of Hell's wide kingdom, where her reign
Is held 'mid mountains vast ;
E'er and anon they quivering groan,
And answer to the endless moan
Of whom they prison fast.

There, seeking rest, these find it not,
For round each barren igneous grot,
Oft as men lay them down,
The fiery forked tongues reprise
To battle for some rightful prize,
Their labor long to crown.

Four dreaded regions then we crossed,
Where seas of flame with blasts are tossed,
And shrieks of woe resound :
Thence to the final doom we came
Which e'en in Hell hath found no name,
And is in silence bound.

Before the noiseless doors there stood,
And by its river, dark with blood,
One, as of woman born,

To whom the heart of woman—fled,
Left nought but horror 'mid the dead
Most deadly—most forlorn ;

Within her, hate and scorning moved
Toward all that she had ever loved ;
She, being thrice greeted, spake :
"Spirit of lost humanity—
Tomb of all mortal hope am I,
Whose fetters never break.

"I am the soul of them that love
Dark evil, all Heaven's light above ;
Hither I guide their dead,
Tormenting them with olden crimes—
Urged by temptations early chimes
Beyond their dying bed.

"Forever, thence, they seek and fly—
Love once—then loathe in agony
The paths whereby they came :
Each sin that was their chief delight
Forsakes them neither day nor night
With unconsuming flame.

"Go whisper then in mortal ears :
'Defy temptation and the tears
Of sin's eternal rain !
Each moment's victory is worth
More than the argosies of earth,
Whose ownership is pain.'

"Nay, tell it not—let men descend
In grovelling herds!—then, hopeless,
bend,
This charnel-house within !
There is one joy—a God to rob!—
To hear in hell's old age the sob
Of souls once purged from sin !

"To wrest from Her, o'er women
crowned,
Those whom she loved, and sought, and
found :—
Mother of God ! I dare
Thy prayers, thy tears, thy love and hope ;
Thy charity's unbounded scope,
And Whom thy womb once bare !"

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

III. HISTORY.

Much has been said and written about the philosophy of history, and many theories claiming to unfold fully and satisfactorily the manifold causes of human action and thought, detailed on the historic page, have been given to the world. Every historian from Herodotus to Volney and his American imitator, Draper, has believed that he possessed the key to the meaning and significance of history.

One traces the origin, the rise and the fall of the different nations of the earth to the combination of various fortuitous circumstances; another, to the blind will of the fates; a third, to the intelligent co-ordination, by a master-mind, of the powers, resources, and intellect of a people. The Encyclopædic schools find the explanation of all history in the struggle of men to realize their ideal of a perfect government. The materialistic school assign climatic changes, the isothermal line, and the continuous evolution of the natural powers as the causes of the different stages and conditions which the history of a people marks. Others regard with contempt the idea that history has a philosophy, and they point to the trifles and the slight incidents that at times radically change the destiny of a nation. The turning of the river Euphrates was the downfall of the Babylonian monarchy. A single battle set Norman kings upon the Saxon throne. The arrival of Blucher at Waterloo dethroned Napoleon, and changed the

fate of Europe. The election of Lincoln brought on the late civil war in America. The squabble of a French diplomatist with the German king caused the Franco-Prussian war. Scoffers at philosophy think they refute it, in its relation to history, by citing, as causes of so tremendous effects, occurrences that are wholly inadequate to produce them, forgetting that they mistake occasions or pretexts for causes.

But the truly great historians of the world have shown that history is not the arbitrary, causeless thing that infidels would have it; but that it is, on the contrary, a grand revelation of the dealings of the Almighty with His rational creatures. Notwithstanding the truth which De Maistre crystallizes in the famous sentence that, "history for the past three hundred years has been a grand conspiracy against truth," the conspirators cannot hide the truth. Willing or unwilling, they are forced to bear witness to the hand of God in history. Every page of the annals they chronicle, every paragraph they pen, every change which the political, social or religious sphere undergoes, realizes and proves the Catholic idea of history, viz.: that as all ancient time was but preparatory to the coming of Christ and the establishment of His Church, so all modern time centres about her, is concerned with her doings, reflects her spirit, is moved by her influences, or, rejecting her, beholds the national

and the individual destruction that such rejection brings on.

This Catholic idea of history has been beautifully unfolded by one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of the present age:

"The most important subject and the first problem of philosophy," says Frederick Von Schlegel, "is the restoration in man of the lost image of God, so far as this relates to science. Should this restoration in the internal consciousness be fully understood and really brought about, the object of pure philosophy is attained. To point out historically in reference to the whole human race, and in the outward conduct and experience of life, the progress of this restoration in the various periods of the world, constitutes the object of the philosophy of history.

"In this way we clearly see how in the first ages of the world, the original word of divine revelation formed the firm central point of faith for the future reunion of the dispersed race of man; how, later, amidst the various power, intellectual as well as political, which, in the middle period of the world, all-powerful nations exerted on their times, according to the measure allotted to them, it was alone the power of eternal love in the Christian religion which truly emancipated and redeemed mankind; and how, lastly, the pure light of this Divine truth universally diffused through the world and through all science—the term of all Christian hope and Divine promise whose fulfilment is reserved for the last period of consummation—crowns, in conclusion, the progress of this restoration."

In proportion, therefore, as any historian sets forth God's dealings with men, he carries out the Catholic idea. Thus Russel, in his *History of Ancient and Modern Egypt*, and Wilkinson, in his *Manners of the Egyptians*, have proved the Catholic idea. Their researches into Egyptian life and history verify the Mosaic narrative, and establish the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies relative to the downfall of Egypt and the everlasting exclusion of her native princes from her throne. Volney himself, in his *Travels in Syria and the East*, a book which records the results of a journey which he undertook for the express purpose of disproving the trustworthiness of the Scriptures, and particularly of the prophecies, bears testimony to their complete fulfilment. Wemyss's *Job and his Times*, and Russel's *Connection of Profane with Sacred History*, fully develop the same idea; showing that between the two histories there is a link so close, a relation so intimate, that they must have been fashioned and controlled by the same Divine Hand.

So Rollin, in his timid, cautious way, ventures to dissent from the French infidel schools of history, and gives as his opinion, that the revolutions and changes in the world's history bear so orderly a character, and seem to tend so directly to certain results, that they must be under subjection to a superior power. Bolder in their admissions, Thirwall, Grote, Gillies, Dr. Arnold and most English historians of the ancient world, do not conceal their faith in an overruling power, guiding the destinies of nations. Gibbon, however, is

an exception, and we wish to examine this exceptional case more in detail; for though his history is unfit to be put into the hands of youth on account both of its misrepresentation of Christianity and the disgusting obscenity of the notes, yet, unfortunately, we have no work in the English language which is more extensively read by historical students; nor can any history be regarded as a substitute for this masterly performance. He who has not read Gibbon (we speak of general readers), must remain in ignorance of a vast deal of historical knowledge accessible only in sources closed up to most students and readers. He has the art of condensing a volume of information into a few sentences; and when he can be depended upon, he is a most convenient authority to cite, both on account of the fulness and pithiness of his elaborate periods, and the pleasing effect of his style. But frequently he assumes, as well-known and certain, that which is doubtful and disputed. He is never more peremptory in his allegations than when he has least grounds for confidence.

Again, Gibbon did not approach the study of history with the proper motives. A vague desire after literary distinction was the only motive that actuated him; and, as he admits himself, "he aspired to the character of an historian long before he could fix upon a subject." We question whether those who have the most eminently distinguished themselves in the various branches of science and literature were impelled by any such principle. The mere passion for a name is the ambition of a boy or of

a little mind, and has originated few undertakings of a truly great or beneficial character. But whatever motive supplied the first impulse to Gibbon's labors, his choice of a subject must be supposed to have been determined by a distinct purpose, and that was, as he himself avows, to fasten incredibility upon the Gospel records, and to connect the propagation of the Gospel and the triumph of the Church with the fall of the Roman monarchy. He deliberately sat down to the composition of his history, with a mind impregnated with hostility against the Christian name.

What sort of history could a man in such a frame of mind, with such a purpose, write? We are not surprised that he produced a work, however erudite or eloquent, filled with inaccuracies, disfigured by prejudice and bigotry, and teeming with calumnies against the religion which he at one time professed to believe divine. His reasoning from the "supine inattention of the pagan and philosophic world" to the miracles recorded to have taken place, is a fair illustration of the insidious sophistry and malignant design of this English Porphyry. Holding the opinion that Christianity ruined the ancient Roman Empire, he could not but form his history according to this groundwork. Nor is it of his infidelity alone that we complain, but of his unfairness and insidiousness. It is not the dagger, but the mask, that marks him as the intellectual assassin, is the fine remark of an eminent English scholar and critic. For his infidelity he had the excuse of mistaking Protestantism for Christianity. His history would

have done credit to a Pliny or a Tacitus; and we should only have to deplore the force of their prejudices and the unhappy origin of the mistake under which they labored as to the character and claims of the religion they rejected. But we cannot forget, in reading Gibbon, that the total misrepresentation that pervades his account of Christianity proceeds from one who possessed the knowledge (at least the opportunities of knowledge); for he once studied the principles and grounds of the Catholic religion and was even admitted to her communion. The method of his attack was the more specious and dangerous from the affected neutrality which he maintains while trying the cause upon the issue of fact. Instead of assailing Christianity with the small weapons and missiles of the polemic, he seeks to undermine the basis of evidence upon which it rests, and by a laborious induction to disprove its beneficent character. The deistical rhapsodists and theorists of former days are now little read, if not altogether forgotten; but the deistical historian lives, and his masterly and mischievous work is the only history of Christianity in English literature.

Despite, however, of the unhistorical and untrue character of the view he takes of primitive Christianity, his history is largely composed of the results of Catholic culture and Catholic literary labors. Gibbon owed the vast erudition and minute knowledge of the men and the times that he describes, to the opportunities afforded him of studying Catholic authors and consulting books which the Church, as the

mistress of learning, jealously guards. He acknowledges his obligation to the learned and pious monks who rescued from destruction the stores of classic and oriental literature from which he freely drew in the composition of his history. He has, moreover, definitely closed questions which Protestantism had found to its interest to keep open, such as the nature of the regimen of the primitive Church, the antiquity and primacy of the Roman Church, the character and use of ceremonies and rites, the legitimacy of the Pope's title to his temporal dominions, &c.

What has been said of Gibbon will apply with tenfold force to Hume. No philosophical history could be expected of one who would make all philosophy impossible, by denying its cardinal principle—the principle of causation. No sound morality could be found on the pages of one that scoffed at religion, even under the mild, diluted form of Deism. No true picture of men or times could be drawn by one who was an open, professed skeptic, as to the honesty, purity, courage, or any other virtue of his fellow men. Shaftesbury belongs to the same ilk of Gibbons and Humes. Yet these and all the other followers of the infidel historical school of the last century, witnessed the Catholic idea of history, sullenly chronicled the triumph of the Church, and sneeringly admitted their inability to overcome a power “as vulgar and as uneducated as it was resistless.”

The non-Catholic historic schools of the nineteenth century, have given up open warfare against the Church, as a policy that brought

contempt and infamy upon their predecessors, and have taken a neutral position. They profess to regard her with Macaulay as the greatest of human institutions, and with Guizot, as the main stepping-stone of barbarism to civilization. It is become fashionable to decry the persecutions to which she was subjected, and to flatter her with the delusion that she need not fear their repetition. Tired out with its

fruitless attempt to make her history a lie, Protestantism no longer keeps up the olden howl about St. Bartholomew's Day, the Spanish Inquisition or the Jesuits, and the day seems really coming when history will do justice to the Church which it has systematically vilified. It is the old story:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

A DREAM.

THERE are moments in our lives when, without sleeping, we dream, and our dreams seem a blissful reality; unlike the phantoms of the night, the dreams of daylight, illuminated by sunshine, are always happy. A few moments of patience and attention, dear reader, and I will tell you the brightest, the happiest dream I ever had.

I was lying one evening on the soft turf that formed the bank of a smooth, rippling stream; behind me lay meadows, over which the generous hand of spring had cast innumerable flowers. My senses were soothed by the songs of a choir of "winged worshippers" paying their nightly chant of homage to their Creator. On the other side of the bright stream was a thick, heavy grove of tall majestic trees, and looking up at the blue canopy of heaven above me, I beheld the last beams of the glorious sun, tinging every object with gold, and promising, by its brilliant good night, a cheerful, and a still more generous greeting for the morrow.

The breath of the "sweet south" fanned my cheek, and brought all the perfume of the already dew-dipped flowers to sweeten the air. At such moments as this is it when earth seems heaven—when if, with a firm hand, we close our minds from all the paltry cares, desires, and passions of this world, glimpses of heaven may be vouchsafed us, and we behold the beautiful and the blessed, whom God has commissioned to conduct His children to their eternal home.

Having forgotten the earth and all it contains, my eyes seemed open to heaven's mysteries: suddenly I beheld the clouds open, and an angel, clad in robes of pure and dazzling white, descended to the earth, and following him in his course, I beheld him enter a lowly hut, and take his stand by the cradle of a sleeping babe, whose cherub brow had just been marked with the sign of the cross, the holy promise of salvation. The child of heaven bent with a radiant smile over his brother of the earth, and

as that loveliest of smiles reflected itself on the face of the sleeper, the mother bent over her child, and tenderly kissing it, she prayed God to guard it and bless it.

A year flitted quickly by, the child seemed dying; days, weeks, and months of sickness had wasted its dimpled cheeks, and dimmed the light of its heaven-colored eyes. Tenderly did the messenger of God watch over his charge. Even when the mother forgot her fear and her anguish at losing her pride and joy, even when she closed her eyes in sleep and forgetfulness, he knew no weariness, he slumbered not; but ever bending over the babe, he sheltered it with his protecting wings, until the dark shadow of disease had disappeared, and the child awoke once more to health and strength.

A few more years, and in a rich meadow, covered with golden buttercups, I beheld the child led by his angel thither in the warm sunshine to play. Attracted by a flower larger and brighter than the rest, the boy rushes forward to seize it; his angel vainly tries to check his progress. His hand is on the flower, he starts back: behold! a snake lies hid beneath the leaves. It is the angel's first lesson to his charge. Ever under the things which, to the eye, seem brightest in this world, lies hid the serpent of sin: beware how you pluck the flower without withdrawing the leaves that shelter the fell monster that guards it.

Time passed, the helpless child was now a bold and joyous boy, seeking amusement in everything that surrounded him. Now freighting his tiny ship, and launching it

on the bosom of the bright running stream; now pursuing with eagerness the butterfly, or scaling the snowy cliffs after the sweet honey-suckle or the beautiful foxglove. His angel is ever at his side, warning him from danger, and pointing out the beautiful lessons written by the great Creator on the fair face of nature.

It often happened that the bright countenance of the angel became clouded with sorrow, for his words were unheeded, his warnings unregarded, but in the hour of danger the boy would call on him, and never was his friend inattentive to his voice.

The brightest moment of joy for the angel soon followed, the crisis of the boy's fate, the moment when he was first to possess the sole and only good of life,—the day of his first communion,—the day on which, by the divine power of Jesus Christ, man is made equal to angels. Now, the inspirations of the angel became more frequent, they led to the practice of great virtues and sublime sacrifices. The youth, fast advancing to manhood, longed to be a soldier; his heart was full of lofty desires, and he panted for high achievements. The neigh of the war-horse, the blast of the clarion, the distant music of the deep drum, all filled his soul with rapture. His bright eye became fierce with joy, his soul proud and ambitious. I saw the angel tremble for his charge; with warning voice he pointed out the perils of the soldier's life, and finding the youth still bent on thoughts of war, he led him to the foot of the Cross, there to learn the most sublime lesson of humanity ever taught.

Thence, while his heart still dwelt on the image of his crucified Saviour, he led him to the battle-field, when the scene of conflict was over. Alas, alas! how was the fair smiling face of nature defaced: where a few hours before the fields had borne their rich burden of ripe corn, the vines their luxuriant fruit, where the open cottage door had shown the happy home of the careful husbandman, amid the beds of flowers where happy children had played and laughed—now what was to be seen?

A few smoking ruins, a field strewn with carnage, running with blood, and the sun that had smiled the day before on the picture of peace, now glaring on the reality of war. The youth, on beholding these, the true followers of gratified ambition, felt that the true glory of man is to save, and not to destroy,—to alleviate the woes of others, and not to render them destitute. The heir to Heaven was now in the prime of manhood, and at this important period the brow of the angel was grave and serious. He marked with anxiety that his charge turned an eager and curious gaze on the broad paths of the world, so thickly crowded by its gay and careless inhabitants. It was with difficulty he kept him in the dry, dusty road, that had been watered by the tears of Jesus and Mary, and that possessed no attraction except a prospect of future bliss, far, far in the distance. The young man would fain have left it for some of the bright, flowery paths he saw both at his right and left, and where music, dancing, and mirth seemed to invite his footsteps. But his angel showed him

that every one of these bright, seductive paths was bordered by the deep gulf of mortal sin, that few wayfarers escaped it, and the young man well knew it led to perdition. So warned by the voice of his angel, he continued his road; but soon he met a being, a radiant beauty, arrayed in glittering robes, and with her hair entwined in beautiful flowers. Her smile added new lustre to the day. She approached with a step of graceful youthfulness, whilst in a voice whose melody thrilled through his soul, she invited him to her bower. Readily, eagerly he followed; she led him to the shrine of love, and there he sacrificed. Alas! on seeing him depart, where no messenger of God's could follow, the angel had bowed his head in grief, and covered his bright face with his wings. The young man's dream of happiness was soon over. The beautiful enchantress, Pleasure, when seen closely, became old, hideous, and exacting. She babbled of her near connection with Happiness, but she knew this last only by name, and bore no affinity to him. When the young man awoke, with him was aroused that friend to the good, and ceaseless torment to the wicked, Conscience,—that being placed by God the Father in man's bosom, the clock of our existence, the voice that beats time to our actions,—the hand that, with remorse by its side, pulls aside the veil, and discloses all that our weakness would fain hide.

Stung to madness by a conscience for the first time awake to crime, the young man vainly strove to rise and free himself from the fetters that encircled him. With firm

resolution he turned from those who told him to plunge deeper into the gulf of pleasure, and he would meet forgetfulness. No, Reason raised her hand and pointed to Conscience, whose piercing voice is never stilled; and with a wail of anguish the young man called on his angel.

He did not call in vain; for though the messenger of light could not himself enter the precincts of night, he sent to his aid an aged pilgrim, of stern, forbidding appearance. In the hour of trouble, all who come as friends are welcome: so Repentance, though his ungracious countenance at first inspired the poor sinner with fear, was joyfully received. Well did he perform his work; with zeal and courage he effected the young man's deliverance, and led him back to his good angel.

Although the road to which he now returned seemed far more disagreeable than ever, still he sedulously pursued his way, encouraged by the voice of his angel, and the promise that all his trials and troubles would soon be over. Once, and once only, was he tempted to leave the narrow path for a broad road, along which crowds of every nation were hurrying. The road itself had no particular attraction, and the people following it looked neither pleased nor happy; but it led to a magnificent temple, dedicated to Fortune, who held his court there, and who, in the opinion of the eager multitude on the road, was the dispenser of every possible blessing. The pleadings of the good angel prevailed; remembering his lessons from Conscience and Repentance, he continued his road

despite every inducement to the contrary. And heartily did he rejoice at having done so; for shortly afterwards he beheld the pillars of the temple of Fortune give way, and the eager multitude were crushed beneath its ruins.

Thenceforth he journeyed on without ever turning to the right or to the left, until the dark locks of manhood, touched by the hand of time, had become white as snow, and the old man's steps were feeble and tottering; but his eyes were bright as ever, and in their clear depths beamed hope and confidence. He knew his pilgrimage was nearly over, and that shortly he would arrive at a haven of rest.

After much toil, with the aid of a staff made like unto a cross, which his good angel had placed in his hand, he reached a high mountain, that overlooked a large, deep gulf. Here he was met by a dark, mysterious being. His appearance was even more awful than that of Repentance, but the old man feared him not; he had long expected him, and now cheerfully resigned himself to his charge. The good angel called him brother, yet his name was Death.

On resigning the mortal heir to immortality, whom he had so long and faithfully guarded, to the charge of Death, the angel's face beamed with holy joy. He was now safe, and their next meeting would be in heaven. For a moment they disappeared from my sight; in the next a gleam of the bright glory of heaven was granted to me, and I saw the angel with his charge, welcomed to the realms of bliss, by a throng of holy spirits. The vaulted roof of heaven echoed

with songs of joy and thanksgiving, and the old man's staff became a column of magnificent

form, dedicated to the glory of the Cross.

ALLELUIA.

MY TRAVELLING FRIEND.

I HAVE no figure, and have lived to record the fact without any particular feeling of humiliation. When nature first began to declare herself in favor of rotundity indeed, I struggled against her decision. I rose early, and took violent exercise on an empty stomach in flannels and a P-jacket; I stuck to a diet of boiled soles and dry toast with such pertinacity that my friends groaned over me as a probable pervert; but it was all of no avail: my waist, like murder, would out; protuberance would not be *stayed* (well, yes, if I must confess it, exterior compression *was* attempted). So I gave up a senseless wrestle with destiny, forswore the patronage of photographers, and found consolation for shapelessness in good living. All went well till after the whitebait season of 1865, when something far worse than a mere æsthetical calamity befell me.

I have only one accomplishment, immunity from sea-sickness, and a very troublesome advantage it is. It would never do, you see, to let a solitary talent lie quite idle, so I feel it a moral duty to travel by water instead of by rail whenever I can, though the latter mode is very much more comfortable, convenient, and expeditious. Late in the summer of the year above mentioned, then, I started for the Rhine by the Rotterdam steamboat from

London Bridge. The voyage was rough, and only one passenger beside myself enjoyed his dinner, a sympathetic coincidence which naturally drew us together.

He was a young man of affable manners, and florid taste in dress, whose occupation, exact social position, and even nationality, it was difficult to define. Sometimes I took him for a commercial traveller, then for a clerk in a counting-house, and then for a man of independent means, whose companions in early life had been somewhat mixed. His inquisitiveness was American, his vulgarity British, his jewelry Teutonic. Was he a Dutchman, who had lived a great deal in England, or an Englishman who had resided much in Holland? Both languages seemed natural to him. I tried to make him talk about himself, and found, after a time, that he was practicing a precisely similar experiment upon me; only he was successful, and I was not. What a difference that makes, eh?

I hate curiosity in other people, and I avoided his snares at first; but in the evening, after we had had a glass of grog together with the skipper, and were smoking and staggering up and down the seesaw of a deck, I was certainly less cautious and more egotistical. Who but a professional diplomatist can keep his counsel in the dark? I

don't know that it matters much, when there is no reason for concealment, but it seems stupid to tell your name, residence, and business, to a chance acquaintance who does not inspire you with any particular admiration. All the information I got in return consisted of the uninteresting fact, that my companion never carried circular notes in his travels.

"I cannot see the use of them," said he; "bank-notes are much more convenient; one always gets the full value for them, and they can be changed at any hotel one is staying at."

"I never use circular notes either," I replied: "but as I sometimes visit quiet, out-of-the-way places, I find English sovereigns the most handy."

"True," said he; "but the bulk and weight are troublesome: I should not like to carry a courier's bag like that over my shoulder."

"I am accustomed to it, and do not mind it."

Soon we turned in. The cupboard in which I performed this nautical feat contained four berths, three of which were tenanted by unfortunates who had undergone the extremest horrors of sea-sickness, and were now happily sunk in the lethargy of prostration. I removed my boots, coat, and neck-cloth, rolled myself up on my shelf, and fell asleep, little thinking that a physical evil far worse than stoutness was at that moment preparing for the attack.

I dreamed that I was in a forest so thick, so lofty, that the rays of the sun could hardly penetrate, and perpetual twilight reigned. There were no birds, squirrels, insects

even, I was the only living creature, and the silence was awful. To add to the horror, the ground swayed to and fro in waves of earthquake, and I expected it to open every moment under my feet; but there were no rumblings, and the trees were not shaken into rustling. The convulsions were as the noiseless spasms of a galvanized corpse. At length the appalling stillness was broken by a light distant crackling, as of something moving amongst dry leaves; nearer and louder it came, and soon I saw a gigantic serpent winding towards me through the trees. There was no beauty about the monster; its sluggish folds were slimy, toad-like; its eyes were cold, cruel, inexorable as death; it darted forth no barbed tongue, but showed its poisoned fangs slowly and viciously, as a threatening dog does. It approached; its fetid breath stirred my hair, and I turned and fled. To no purpose: the thing gained and gained upon me till it was within striking distance, and then drew back its flat head for the blow. In my despair, I sprang at an overhanging branch, caught it, and strove to swing myself up. Alas! I was too slow; the reptile fastened on my left foot, and its fangs were plunged into the great toe. If the reader desires to appreciate the sensation, he may heat the point of a packing-needle in the fire till it is glowing white, and then thrust it into his corresponding member.

An inverted blessing escaped from my lips as I sat up with a jerk, meeting the planking above the berth smartly with my forehead. It was like a double-barrelled gun going off: "Bang! bang!" Horace

sings somewhere about striking the stars with his sublime head, and that is what I must have done, for I saw them. But the toe-pang was too sharp to permit of my paying much attention at the moment to what was going on at the other end of me.

My Shakspeare had taught me to think lightly of dreams; but this vision could hardly be called a baseless fabric, for it left a most decided rack behind. Wow! Worra-worra! it came again, red hot, and right through the joint. What could it be? Not a scorpion or centipede, first, because in these latitudes we are spared their society, as a compensation probably for colds in the head; next, that the pain arising from a sting is for some time steady, and I only felt a tingling after the second twinge. Nevertheless, I struck a light, in defiance of ship-rules, and searched, but saw nothing more formidable than the antennæ of cockroaches quivering between the planks. An examination of the afflicted toe showed it to be inflamed: perhaps it was cramp; perhaps I had strained a particularly sensitive nerve in my struggles with the dream-serpent. My first impulse was to get up, especially as the absence of motion showed that we were in the river, and the gray light of early morning was shining through the port-hole; but the noise of men washing the deck deterred me, and after awhile I fell asleep again.

The dream did not recur, which was fortunate, as the effects of the first were still painfully obtrusive when I finally roused out, and it was with difficulty I got my boot

on. My new acquaintance accosted me amid the confusion of landing, and asked if I intended making any stay at Rotterdam. I told him no; I was going on to Düsseldorf, *en route* for Cologne. Why, Düsseldorf was his own destination: how singular! We would travel together. I had no objection; I cannot talk Dutch, either High or Low, and the young man certainly saved me a great deal of trouble at the quay and the railway station.

We got a *coupé* to ourselves.

"Why, what a bump you have got on your forehead!" he exclaimed when I hung my hat up. "Did you fall out of your berth last night?"

"No; but"—I told him the whole story, dream and all.

"Hum!" said he gravely: "I wish you would let me see the toe."

"Are you a surgeon?" I asked, painfully pulling my boot off.

"Not exactly," replied he—"that is, perhaps you would not call me one. Tut, tut; the bite of the serpent has produced in a second the same result that port, burgundy, venison, whitebait, turtle, take years to effect. My dear sir, you have got—gout!"

"Gout!" I feebly gasped.

"Decided. But never mind; I will soon bring it out of you when we get to Düsseldorf. You may thank your stars that you have not fallen into the hands of the faculty. I am hydropathical, and your complaint is just *the* one to which the cold-water treatment is best adapted."

Gout! The fatal word meant pain, sickness, doctors, lameness, and, worse still, temperance and so-

briety; this was what I was condemned to, then, for the term of my natural life.

"Bibisti satis, edisti satis, atque ludisti; Tempus est ire,"

I murmured. My companion, who was evidently not a Latin scholar, looked solemn, and raised his hat, under the impression that I was uttering a prayer. But what mattered classical attainment? Smitten suddenly and unexpectedly with a sore, though noble, malady in a foreign land, the language of which I could neither speak nor understand, far from the physicians of my country, I clung to this medical straw. Under more favorable circumstances, indeed, I should have recoiled from the idea of trusting my precious person to the tender mercies of any man who had not a great many capital letters after his name, or who wore rings on his forefingers; but now I was demoralized and trusting. Besides, I had really heard of some public character who had been treated for gout hydro-pathically and with success—a statesman, or novelist, or something.

We arrived at Düsseldorf, and my companion took me to a second-class hotel near the station, where, he said, the attendance, &c., was just as good as at the expensive one to which English travellers usually went, while the charges were about half. The fact that no one connected with the establishment spoke a word of English or French did not matter, since the young man was to manage everything, and attend upon me himself till I had thrown off the attack, which he promised should be in two days' time at farthest.

He certainly commenced my treatment promptly. That evening I drank a gallon of water, and had my foot, which was now much inflamed and very tender, swathed in wet bandages surrounded by dry ones; and on the following morning, servants having brought many sheets and pails into my bedroom, the young man locked the door, and commenced serious operations. One of the sheets was set to soak in one of the pails; I was invited to rise and attire myself in the costume of Gibson's "Venus." Then I was suddenly draped in the saturated sheet, and really thought I should never get my breath again, the shock was so great. Then commenced a swaddling process, dry sheets being wound round and round me over the wet one, till I was like a sweet onion with a damp heart; and in this state I lay on my back on the bed, a live mummy, unable to stir hand or foot.

"Do you glow now?" asked the young man. I did; I was cooking "in my juice." "That is right, it will draw the gout out of you: now open your mouth; so."

When I complied, he put a handkerchief, tightly rolled up, into it, keeping it in its place with another inserted like a bit, and tied tightly at the back of my head.

"Don't try to speak, for it will be a useless exertion," said the young man. "If you want to know what I have gagged you for, I will tell you; it is to prevent you from calling for help. You cannot move hand or foot, you cannot make yourself heard, so now I am going to rob you." And the villain positively proceeded, under my very eyes, to ransack all my luggage,

appropriating to himself every note, every coin he could find, and he found all I possessed.

"I leave you your watch, your chain, and your ring," he said at last; "and now I must bid you good-bye. I will tell the people to come and look after you in a couple of hours, by which time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit. Sorry I cannot stay to see the success of my experiment upon the gout—ta, ta!"

I lay there gagged, bound, gouty, robbed, tricked, for two mortal

hours, and I did not choke—which proves to my complete satisfaction that I am an angel: no merely human temper could have warded off suffocation.

Relief came, and an interpreter, and a doctor, and what foreigners consider a policeman, and—eventually—remittances. I got rid of that fit of gout (which, alas! was but a mild prelude) very soon, and continued my travels; but I never saw or heard anything more of my lost money, or of that very dishonorable and vulgar young man.

FIAT VOLUNTAS DEI.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

ONCE I made plans, and said: When spring-tide rains
Have made the summer bloom, I'll dream my dream;
And when the autumn garners in its grain,
And ere the winter whitens all the plain,
I will fulfil my long-projected-scheme.

II.

But ah! (heigh ho!) before the silvery rains
Melted in bloom, my dream was sacrificed;
And autumn proved my schemes were worse than vain,
And all the winter, in a vice of pain,
My heart was caught and crushed and agonized.

III.

Sufficient for the day—O Lord, Supreme!
Thy lips have said—*shall be the ill thereof*;
And now I have no plans, I make no schemes,
But, like an infant rocked in tranquil dreams,
Within Thine arms I simply trust and love.

A NOBLE LADY.

CHAPTER VII.

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, August 7, 1863.

"MOST PRECIOUS ONE,—I am painting three hours a day, and it amuses me. I caress you with the end of my brush; I softly kiss your brow and your cheeks; and then I think I am with you, and it does me good. Do you know this is the fourth picture I have drawn of you? One very so-so at two years old, another at sixteen, a third at twenty, and this which I am now busy about, just as you are four-and-twenty. I have promised your mother *to do one myself* when your hair is gray, and do not laugh at my presumption. Let my successors be furious, but I intend to live to be a hundred. This means that I am very well; so amuse yourself, and do not think about me.

"As for me, I amuse myself as an old woman should, and I say my prayers. The other morning I was saying a *Pater* for you, and while whispering over the Lord's Prayer to myself, I said 'O my Father, Who art in Heaven, shall I ask Thee that Adelina may sanctify Thy Name? I trust she will sanctify it. That she may desire Thy kingdom to come? I believe that she does not fail to do so. That she may pray for Thy will to be done? Thine has been always hers, and will be so, *whatever may happen*. That she may forgive her enemies? She has done so since coming to the use of reason; there is no bitterness in her heart. Shall I pray that she be not led into temptation? Ah, yes, yes! O my

Father, Who art in Heaven, let her never fall under temptation, and be kept from all evil. Amen, amen!"

"This is how I prayed for you—was it not well done? Is not temptation the real danger of life? Is it not that downward incline upon which we may not set our foot? for the descent is rapid, and sin is at the bottom of it; sin, into which one so quickly falls, if we do not walk carefully.

"Last year I read something about the Etruscans, whose pedestal they are trying now—and perhaps justly—to pull down. I feel it difficult to strip myself of a single honor for the sake of the Pelasgi. But what is to be done? for we must submit to the necessities of history, though it overturns a great many of our notions and great names. History pulls down the proud, and exalts the lowly; saying to us very much what St. Remi said to the haughty Sicamber: 'Burn what you have worshipped, and worship all that you have burnt.'"

"April 20, 1863.

"Come, my little friend, would you like to write a novel, and lay the scene in Calabria? This matter has never yet been treated *delicately*. It is always seasoned and *peppered* excessively, as if that were needed. The idea of Calabria is ever associated with brigands, according to the received notion of taking the exception for the rule. All I know is, that your letters from there *fill* me with a sweet, rather pensive feeling, that melancholy which

poets call *malinconia*, *ninfa gentile*!* The dance you describe, that magnificent country so deliciously southern,—all this, Mimi, Mimi of my heart, makes me long to be there with you! I do so love what is beautiful! and to me beauty has such wide bounds, that it causes me perpetual joy; for I find it easily, and relish it in all its degrees, from the graceful to the sublime. Everything that comes the least in the world *from above* brings with it a perfection and relative harmony without which there is no beauty, but with which everything is beautiful. Good-bye, farewell! I leave off to-day because I feel deeply, and words will not come—*e il mio dir corto*. This disturbance worries me, so I make an end."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 2, 1868.

"MY DEAR ADELINA,—This dear month of May is come, and I feel refreshed with all natural things; though when one thinks of it, what dreadful anniversaries occur in this month of Paradise! *El dos de Mayo*—the second of May—the massacre of the French at Madrid; on the 5th, Napoleon's death, which many people reckon as a misfortune; the 15th, another fatal day for Naples in 1848; and then the very idea of the 4th of May gives me the idea of chaos, of pandemonium, and of every uttermost confusion.† In spite of all this, long live the month of Mary! I liked it still better when I thought it would bring you back to us; but this will come later, and you will be *always* welcome. To-day we

got your letter; and your letters are always so touching! I do believe that if you told us about Punch, Harlequin, Columbine, and every funniest thing in the world, it would bring little tears to our eyes. I do not know why; perhaps it is the way in which love expresses itself. Ah, yes, it is the true, and tender, and strong love we feel for you, which spreads itself over everything that comes from you, wraps us round, thrills us through, stirs us up, and will go with us to Heaven. Clotilde would say to me, 'Do not run off the line so;' and she is right. It is enough for the handle of the blade to appear; the blade must remain hidden.

"But in speaking to you, Clotilde allows this both for me and herself."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, April 29, 1868.

"MY VERY DEAR ADELINA,—There are, as you know, the delights of spring; but spring has also its dark days, for this pretty season has a marked influence upon our spirits; sometimes toning them towards rose color, sometimes towards black; at least that happens to me. To-day I am joyous, while latterly I have been sad without any cause. Ah, how one good day blots out every shadow on the mind, and one enjoys in four-and-twenty hours what is enough to adorn a whole week! Everything then seems beautiful and easy. I went out walking this morning, and the shade was refreshing, and the sunshine enchanting. I went to see the Marchioness C——, whose little girl seemed to me a love, and she most kind and obliging. I settled two pieces of business—one for

* "Melancholy, thou gentle nymph!"

† At Naples this is the day from which houses are let, and therefore that when all the removals and settlements take place.

Ernest, the other to place out a little girl; both of which succeeded just as I wished. I am reading St. Paul's Epistles every morning in the tribune after Mass. To-day I read that to the Galatians, where he tells how he reproved St. Peter, who through weakness allowed circumcision for the Christians. With what courage St. Paul rebuked him for his cowardice! and how humbly did St. Peter listen and submit! *he* the first of the Apostles, upon whom Christ had founded His Church, while St. Paul seemed only one who had intruded on the twelve chosen, having not even learnt the Gospel from those who had the right to preach it! If these two great Saints had appeared to me yesterday, could they have impressed me more than they did to-day? *Non so.* On coming home, I went into the garden—that is, the so-called—and made a nosegay of mignonette, violets, and heliotrope. Had these flowers really the fragrance I feel they had, or was it only the influence of spring? I know not, dear Adelina of my heart; but I felt filled and enchanted with it.

“The last act of my spring delights to-day was this: I stayed one hour at the piano, taking the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese. How delicious! I played the three first verses without singing, and mounted, mounted upwards to the first, second, third heaven! I was in the upper air when Clotilde came in. She took my place at the piano, and I sang *Quæ mærebat*. Ah, how beautiful it is! There is genius, imagination, knowledge, feeling! I thank our good God for having allowed a simple mortal

to mount so high, and to bring back to the world a ray of His beauty. The Promethean fable is a most true fiction. Man may steal the sacred fire—at least he can win it. He is not a creator, but he knows how to raise his works to a height which draws near to perfection; and then God condescends to breathe into them, and make them living. You see, dear friend, how I share with you the secrets of my being; you cannot say that with you I am buttoned up!”

“TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 4, 1868.

“I am charmed that you are in Calabria, that you stay there, and that you are draining to the dregs what is delicious to the very last. But the month of May will soon be over; and then you will come back, and that will be an enchanting moment. While waiting for you, we are in the depths of Mons. Gobineau's book on Central Asia. It is shameful to find out how many things there are that one does not know the least. Did I know that there were celebrated schools of philosophy in Persia? That while I write, there are excellent colleges at Ispahan, Khiva, and other places, where hundreds of scholars are collected to study philosophy; that professors abound; that his Excellency Hadji Moulla Hady de Sebzewar is an exceptional man of science, an accomplished master in metaphysics? No, I knew absolutely nothing of all this; and if I had been going to tell you my ideas upon Persia as it is, I should certainly have put it among the nations whose glories are of the past. I confess it. My knowledge ended with Avicenna—that is, with Avi-

cenna's name, no more; and yet I considered myself rather a well-informed woman! But I come down every day in my own eyes; and the more I learn, the more ignorant I feel. Ah, Pascal was right when he said, that the highest degree of human knowledge was to know that one knows nothing."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 10, 1868.

"I perfectly understand your pleasant feeling in chatting with your two young friends. That peaceful country life and the long hours of talk expand the heart; and certain recesses forever closed, except then, are mutually opened. And it is good to penetrate them, for they contain the key to the riddle of character; and it is always interesting to make an entrance there. We like to know the unknown. Curiosity—the motive-power of many good things, when taken on its good side—is satisfied, as it would be by the discovery of an unknown land, and we like to cut a road through it. So we love to get into the mysterious corners of another's heart, where one always finds a crowd of matters of which one has not dreamed. In these secret hiding-places we find out the distinguishing marks between two people, who in the eye of the world seem alike; for it would be impossible to class the world into categories or individualities. I own that the charm of thus diving into a heart laid open to me has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life; so much so, that in my young days, finding it dangerous, I denied myself this pleasure.

"Shall I tell you what has latterly given me something of a kindred

pleasure? It is the discovery of Indian literature. We have become acquainted with the turns of thought, the belief, and the various feelings of this great people; not through any trick or cunning, but because their books have suddenly been opened to us. What treasures, what things we neither knew of nor imagined! We knew the Indian race had been highly civilized, but what did our knowledge consist in? That they were philosophers and poets. But what they really thought, said, and did, this is what we thought nothing about, but which we now know to the smallest detail. Each beautiful mind that opens to us is an India which we have discovered. But, alas, the comparison fails, for there are few souls in whom we find such greatness! My dear Adelina, how difficult it is to stop when once I begin to chat with you! The regions of thought are your kingdom, and I find myself with you there in such good company! But I must bring you back to this world again. You want to know about my health. What shall I say? There is nothing to be told about a stationary condition. On the whole, I am not ill; but in particular, I am like a clock-pendulum, which goes backwards and forwards, and remains always in the same place."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 12, 1868.

"I have always remarked, that if a correspondence lasts and does not die of inanition, it must either be sustained by deep affection, or by common interest, or by some common literary taste. Adelina, darling, we are united by these three bonds, and thus our correspond-

ence does not dry up; and I wish that my letters may be received with a quarter of the interest that yours give to me. Your last, filled with Alban details, interested us amazingly. Those Alban things always excited my curiosity, and I so wished to know how far they have retained their characteristics, shut in as they were by Calabrian territory. What an interesting country, classical in all times and in every respect! At this moment, however, I am thoroughly wrapt up in the history of the Bâbys in Persia. That part of Mons. Gobineau's work is infinitely interesting. It seems to me that I read formerly in some paper an account of the phases of that great religious revolution, but without paying the smallest attention to it, and most likely without understanding it; for one understands the least about things that are happening in our own day.

"You are not coming yet, after all? Perhaps you will come for St. Clotilde? Anyhow, everything that *is*, is right to be so. I know that you want to see us; I know that you long to see your brother again, and to become acquainted with your sister-in-law; but I know too that you like to do what it is your duty to do; and God will bless you."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 15, 1868.

"MY VERY DEAR ADELINA,—I will not talk about your coming home. I know you wish it, and you know how much we wish for it. But it is useless to be occupied about it; for certainly it will be when it can be, and our wishes will not hasten the time. I know that Cillo* will do all he can to make

* The Count de Melissa.

you happy; so I shall be silent upon the matter, though it is what we are chiefly thinking about. In the second place, there is our reading. Decidedly, if one were so wretched as not to be a Christian, one would be a Bâbys. It is a religion harmonizing with our notions, though in some things very droll. For instance, Bâb, who was the Mahomet of the sect, was a special protector of women and children. In his care for women in general, he commends all those who were betrothed to the faithful, and desires that ornaments, and everything that can add to their gladness and beauty, should be lavished upon them, saying: 'Decorate your adornment, and honor your glory.' Then he strongly rebukes those who ill-treat children: 'If thou desirest to be of the number of the faithful, strike [children] very gently, nor smite thy scholar before he is over five years old. If thou then wilt strike him, give him no more than five blows, and those not upon the flesh, unless there be a hand or some covering between the rod and his flesh.' Is not this charming? How full these particulars are of good feeling!"

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 18, 1868.

"Goodness! the rule-and-line exactness of the B——s used in past times to irritate my nerves, and sudden decisions took a high place in my esteem. The benefits of things settled without foregone arrangements seemed to me infinitely preferable. 'But wise men have changed their ideas with the times.' I did not then know the *hideous* inconvenience of the contrary fault;

and now I ban it, and desire that it should be put beyond the pale of the law. Let the fiend of *indecision* be anathematized; and while all mercy is shown to the sinners, let the sin be held up to detestation!

"Now I know that you are going to stay in Calabria, I shall actively carry on our correspondence; for I should not like my letters to fail you. Poor Don Jerome has lost his brother. It is very sad; for a brother's love is not easily replaced. Still I think he will be like a great many others in this very impressionable country, and that time will do its work on him as for them. The violent grief of a day, and then a fresh life, when the wind blows and carries away the past. This is certainly not the wind of Dante's Lucifer, which froze the tears in the eyes of the lost, and thus forever stamped their grief upon them. This transitory impression of the bitterest grief in our Southern countries has always served me with food for the deepest thought. The whole charge of trouble seems to explode at once. People are rent with grief; they are overwhelmed, annihilated, drowned by it; but if you do not break down under the first hour's trials, they are got over, and very soon ended. This is, no doubt, providential; but it is not pleasant to see. It is the failure of all human things, the saddest and least poetic side on which to look at it.

"Nevertheless, I do like sometimes to know that the most violent sorrows are not eternal. If not for this, what would become of that

wretched Strato, at the coffee-shop, and his wife, whose child has come to a dreadful end? A delicious pet of six years old, the glory of the infant-school. One of his school-fellows, not knowing what he was doing, poked a carrooba-seed into his ear about a month ago. They were never able to get it out, and he died in dreadful pain. Listen, Mimi darling; if ever you have any children, I shall make them little caps to tie under their chins, that their dear little ears may be out of all harm!"

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 21, 1868.

"It is a very sad and touching thing to see the poor monks, who have been driven out of their convents, taking up again some rough trade, by which they may gain a living. This morning I felt so much at seeing poor Brother Alphonsus, the Trinitarian, carpentering. Another is weaving, and so on. No doubt labor is a grand thing, and any one who lends himself to it is to be honored. But the life of an artisan is painful; and when I think of that idea—'*Shall I get bread to-day? to-morrow?*'—being inflicted upon so many poor religious, who lived so entirely sheltered from all care for the morrow, it makes my heart ache. O, how that persistent thought of to-morrow must wear them out! What a wicked and foolish act it was to suppress them! Listen, Adelina: there is but one thing I hate more than disorder, and that is destruction."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF TOBACCO.

No. II.

I HAVE been up to this moment opposing the arguments of the opponents of tobacco, because those arguments seem not merely fallacious, but eminently ill calculated to screen from the public what is the real danger; but I must now call attention to the serious warning which medical experience furnishes respecting the danger of too much smoking; for it is one thing to deny the misrepresentations of the danger, another thing to deny that there is any danger at all. There may be, and assuredly often is, both imperfect observation and imperfect reasoning at the basis of the denunciations; but medical experience is not always at fault in its vision of a causal nexus between a particular disease and tobacco. Valueless as are the unverified inferences from statistics or vague observation, that madness, angina pectoris, or any other malady, will be produced by smoking—valueless as are the inferences from experiments on animals in which nicotine is administered in a state of concentration wholly dissimilar to its state when smoked—there is valuable evidence to show that in particular cases a malady suspected to be due to tobacco diminishes or ceases with the diminution or cessation of smoking, and returns with its resumption. I will select an example or two from the work of Dr. Druhen, an uncompromising opponent of tobacco.

CASE 1.—M. T., an advocate, aged thirty, of athletic frame, began in 1840 to manifest symptoms of a spinal affection, which continued till the summer of 1845. These symptoms fluctuated considerably, but they resisted all treatment. At last Dr. Druhen, suspecting that the disturbing cause was excessive smoking, persuaded his patient to give up this bad habit. All the symptoms disappeared as if by enchantment, and at the end of one month the cure was complete. M. T. enjoyed excellent health for some time, but one day, dining with the doctor, he entreated to be allowed to indulge in a cigar. The permission was refused, but he persisted and smoked. “No sooner had he finished his second cigar than I saw him hastily quit the table. I rose also in some anxiety, and he confessed that all his old sensations had returned. This indication was decisive. M. T. henceforth entirely gave up his cigar, took steel tonics for a month, and has ever since enjoyed robust health.”

CASE 2.—M. observed that for some years his energies had been declining; he was excessively thin, ate little, and only found comfort in smoking very strong cigars. He complained of acute abdominal pains every afternoon, which only ceased at night; tremblings of the limbs, palpitations, and sometimes sickness. He was advised to relinquish tobacco during one month;

did so, and all the symptoms disappeared; but he afterwards declared that he would rather endure the sufferings than be deprived of tobacco. He resumed his old habit, and the old pains returned.

CASE 3.—A man aged forty-five, of lymphatic temperament, extremely sober, and very regular in all his habits, was troubled by the premonitory symptoms of melancholy mania. He was perfectly aware of his hallucinations, but could not escape them. After two or three weeks' medical treatment they passed away, and he resumed his labors at the bank, where he held the post of cashier. M. Druchen accidentally learned that his patient was a smoker,—a moderate smoker,—and that during his treatment the desire for tobacco had not made itself felt, but on his recovery he again resumed his cigar, and once more the old symptoms appeared. Warned thus by experience, he renounced tobacco entirely, and from that day has had no recurrence of the symptoms.

CASE 4.—Dr. Turck has published a case of a peasant who became deranged in consequence of excessive smoking, and who was cured by the accidental diminution of his supply of tobacco.

It is needless to multiply examples, the injurious effects of excess being beyond dispute. What concerns us here, is the rational interpretation to be put upon the fact. When we see that millions of men daily smoke without appreciable injury, we may safely conclude that the cases, however numerous, in which injury is distinctly traceable to tobacco, are to be ranged under two heads, cases

of excess and cases of idiosyncrasy. A word on both may be desirable.

We have seen that the nicotine, which is a poison in certain quantities, is only a stimulant in minute doses. We have also seen that the impunity with which nicotine can be taken into the system depends on the rapidity with which its excretion prevents an accumulation of it in the blood at any given moment; the same amount which is harmless when the normal rate of excretion is maintained, becoming fatal when the excretion is retarded. It is clear, therefore, that inasmuch as different organisms vary greatly in their power of getting rid of the poison, the question of excess is one of personal idiosyncrasy. To some men one cigar is excess; to others half a dozen is moderation. Some men can smoke mild tobacco who are immediately disturbed by the same quantity of greater strength. A friend of mine, who for many years has smoked on an average ten cigars daily, assures me that he left off smoking during a period of six months, and could not detect the slightest change as a result of the absent stimulant,—clearly proving that the ten cigars were to him a scarcely appreciable stimulant, whereas to many men such an amount would be disastrous. I find that I cannot now smoke two cigars, one after the other, without decided excitement and malaise; if an interval of two or three hours elapse, the second cigar is less operative, but it is still appreciably operative, whereas after each meal a single cigar is borne with comfort.

It is on a similar principle that men drink half a pint of wine,

slowly in sips, with but a slight acceleration of the pulse, whereas that same half-pint swallowed like beer would intoxicate them. The limit of moderation can easily be determined by each man for himself. He ought to know how much tobacco he can take without disturbance, as he knows how much wine or beer he can take; and, having determined his limit, he should rigorously confine himself to it, for there is a lurking danger in tobacco which only foolhardy men will play with. Let him, above all, get rid of the notion that because his friends can smoke without injury three or four cigars, he also must be able to do the same,—or that there is any inferiority in his greater susceptibility. There is no such thing as absolute parity between any two organisms,—each has its own individual constitution, and according to this will be the limit of endurance.

And we are thus led to the cases of the second class, which involve the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the individual. Physiologists are familiar with abundant examples in which articles of food, eminently nutritious to the generality of human beings, act as poisons upon some exceptional organisms. There are many people who cannot eat fat, others who cannot eat butter, or eggs, or mutton, game, or peculiar sorts of game, without the most distressing effects. The late Dr. Prout knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison. "He could not eat it in any form. This peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, and the mutton was repeatedly disguised, and given to him unknown; but uniformly

with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa." Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Hahn found that seven or eight strawberries sufficed to send him into convulsions. In presence of such examples, how can we help concluding that tobacco also must, to some organisms, be of quite peculiar dangerousness? If the excretory action be not rapid, we know that tobacco will be a poison to all men, and inasmuch as there are varying degrees of excretory vigor in different organisms, it is clear that the effect of tobacco will be strictly dependent on this varying susceptibility.

It is in every man's power to answer very decidedly for himself the important question, whether tobacco is injurious to him. Does he suspect any evil influence? Let him abstain, and closely watch the result. If, with no other change in his way of life, he can detect the disappearance of any marked symptom, which reappears whenever he resumes his cigar, then he may be sure that he is wrong to smoke, or that he smokes too much.

The argument closes here, but I will add a detail or two which may not be uninteresting. The state of health and external conditions necessarily influence the amount of tobacco which can be taken with impunity. Active exercise in the open air necessarily increases the activity of excretion, and therefore renders a larger amount of nicotine endurable. Avoid smoking on an empty stomach, unless you have one of those organisms which are eminently insensible; for not only does the absorption of nicotine

under such conditions take place more rapidly, whence the injurious accumulation results, but inasmuch as in most cases the salivary secretion is stimulated, this brings with it a stimulation of the gastric glands, and gastric juice is poured into the empty stomach, producing a feeling of nausea and constriction.

Smoke slowly: the enjoyment is prolonged, and the danger of accumulation is lessened. Let your tobacco be dry. Nicotine is volatile at the temperature of combustion, and the greater part contained in a cigar evaporates in the air; but nicotine is very soluble in water, and what is thus dissolved, instead of evaporating, enters the system. The practice of wetting the cigar all over before lighting it should, therefore, be avoided. Those who are susceptible should be careful in their choice of tobacco, the different kinds of which have widely different amounts of nicotine. In that of Turkey, Greece, and Hungary there is scarcely a trace of the poison. In that of Brazil, Havana, and Paraguay, the amount is 2 per

cent. In that of Maryland, 2.29; of Alsace, 3.21; of Kentucky, 6; of Virginia, 6.87; and of France, 7.30 per cent.

I have left myself no space to speak of the delights after having discussed the dangers; but every smoker is sufficiently enlightened on that point, and all eloquence would be thrown away on those who cannot discover the reason why men should make "walking chimneys" of themselves, and who know nothing of the vague diffusive pleasure which steals over the mind at the first whiff. That tobacco has its delights is too obvious for remark; that these are so potent as to make men reckless of its danger is a fact to be deplored; but its opponents have singularly failed in their well-meant efforts to arouse men to the consciousness of these dangers, because they have made the common mistake of supposing that exaggerations will continue to appal. Every wise man desires to know the perils which surround him, and to know these is neither to underrate nor to overrate them.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Is this the type, as poets paint, of man's immortal doom,
When into life and light he springs victorious from the tomb?
Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine, thy struggles vain,
And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust again.

Of human weakness rather thou the type dost seem to me,
Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing and upwards flee,
But, unsustained by heavenly power, yield to the passing storm,
And from a winged and glorious thing descend a sordid worm.

L. R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY; with Original Tables—Chronological, Genealogical, and Literary. By R. H. Labberton. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1871.

We have received from the above enterprising publishers, the advance sheets of a new manual of history constructed on a plan as novel as it is able. Believing with the Greek philosopher that there is no royal road to learning, we naturally view with distrust any attempt to make study play, or science recreation, but we confess that this opinion of ours has been summarily dispelled by the tables of chronology before us. They are really admirable, because philosophical. We agree with all sensible educators that it is the sheerest nonsense to force a child to commit to memory lists of dates arranged without plan or method, and as the generality of chronological tables are of this description, we were heretofore prepared to condemn any system of chronology as soon as seen. But as Mr. Labberton has so philosophically composed his tables as to make them brief, comprehensive, easy of memorizing, and intelligible, we make an exception in his favor. In the cursory examination we gave them, we detected no mistakes worth mentioning. It would be well, however, if he explained in the introduction, that he had adopted exclusively the new style in his dates, for the wretchedly arranged chronology in most of the histories, at present studied in our schools, so confuses the learner by mixing the old with the new style, that when he encounters a history adhering to a uniform plan, he is led to believe that its author or the printer has made mistakes.

Of the value of the text we can say nothing, as we have not received it. It is charitable at least to presume, that the author indulges in none of the vulgar anti-catholic prejudice and misstatement that have made the American "school historian" the laughing-stock of intelli-

gent society. We remember, as a boy, studying history in our Philadelphia High School, from the text-book at that time in use. We forget the name of the "historian," but he must have been a man as vulgar as he was ignorant and narrow-minded. The frontispiece of his book was a poorly executed wood-cut representing the encounter of Pope St. Gregory with Henry of Germany. The "artist," perhaps at the suggestion, and under the supervision of the "author," had desperately endeavored to make the Pope look as arrogant and as unbearably insolent as the text described, but he succeeded only in turning the pontifical nose awry and in giving the eyes an expression suggestive of gimlet-holes. The legend around the Pope's chair was the very modest one, "I AM GOD;" and the legend at the bottom of the picture was to the effect that the accompanying engraving represented a "triumph of the Beast," in accordance with the prophecy of the Apostle relative to the "man of sin's" enthroning himself in the house of God.

We believe that the Faculty of the school were so ridiculed about this precious "cut," that they abolished the book, and substituted a history which is not so vulgar, but every whit as false and calumnious.

We hope that Mr. Labberton knows that the day when the Church could be vilified is past, and that the historian, if he is true to his lofty function, will do her at least simple justice, if he has not the faith or the courage to give her the praise and glory with which her sons love to crown her.

MEMOIRS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL. From the French of M. L'Abbe Chardon. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

This beautiful little book has been lying on our table for some months past, waiting for the notice, which a variety of business and labors has hitherto delayed. It must have been our guardian angel

that jogged our memory, and insisted on our adding our meed of praise to a book which describes so graphically his and his brothers' blessed ministry. Nothing can exceed in beauty, pathos, and descriptive force, the narrative given in this book, of the functions, nature, and works of the glorious spirits that the Heavenly Father has appointed to be our guides and defenders, on the weary road we are treading, to the home in which with them we hope to see His face.

THE HOLY COMMUNION; It is my Life, or Strains of Love of the Fervent Soul whose Happiness is Constituted by Holy Communion. By H. Leon. Translated from the French by M. A. Garrett. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

What a beautiful book has its author laid at the feet of our Lord in His Holy Sacrament! In tenderness of sentiment, genuine devotion, and exquisite polish of language, it rivals the devotional parts of Faber's "Blessed Sacrament." As a book of meditation, before and after communion, it is invaluable to the devout soul, whilst its perusal by the lukewarm or indifferent must of necessity awaken love and devotion to Christ, who suffers for the sake of men, the humiliations and indignities to which he is exposed in the sacrament of His love.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia.

This work, which was lately completed in two large quarto volumes of 1200 pages each, is a combined Encyclopedia, Dictionary, and Gazetteer. The conception of such a work is entirely new, and, as happens with all new ideas, its success was doubted by many at the outset, but we are informed by the publisher that his subscription list reaches thirty thousand copies. An examination of its contents shows that this appreciation of the work, which is not confined to literary circles alone, but extends throughout the humblest classes of the community, is not misplaced. The articles are fresh and vigorous, everything in connection with biography and history is brought down to our day, and all the

latest researches in literature, science, and art, have been examined and freely used. It is conveniently arranged for reference on all subjects, and is illustrated with nearly three thousand engravings. To many persons who have not the means of furnishing themselves with a complete library, Zell's Encyclopedia will be found a valuable substitute.

CORNELL'S OUTLINE MAPS; APPLETON'S ARITHMETICS; QUACKENBOSCH'S GRAMMARS, COMPOSITION, AND RHETORIC; QUACKENBOSCH'S HISTORIES; QUACKENBOSCH'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; MISS YOUMAN'S BOTANY; YOUMAN'S CHEMISTRY; HUXLEY & YOUMAN'S PHYSIOLOGY; HARKNESS'S LATIN AND GREEK SERIES; HADLEY'S GREEK GRAMMAR; FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, HEBREW AND SYRIAC GRAMMARS, READERS, PHRASE BOOKS, AND DICTIONARIES. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is the season for school books, and we take pleasure in recommending to the attention of our educators, the above excellent works published by Appleton, of New York. Most of these books are well known to schools, and we are but echoing the opinion of many Catholic teachers who use them, that, for general accuracy, beauty of mechanical finish, and cheapness of price, Appleton's educational books are unsurpassed in the market.

THE NORMAL AND COMMERCIAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP. By James A. Congdon. Philadelphia: Uriah Hunt's Sons.

The special features of this new system of penmanship are its philosophical arrangement and the systematic plan that seems to have been adopted by the author.

The peculiar slope-lines introduced as an aid to the pupil in keeping the regular slant, prove of great value to the teacher also, who by this means is enabled to instruct both sexes simultaneously from the blackboard, a difference only in the size of the letters being observed. The books are manufactured from fine linen paper, and their handsome appearance generally reflects much credit upon the publishers.

